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New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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'My good health is due to a soup made of white doves. It is simply wonderful as a tonic I advise you to try it.'

—Madame Chiang Kai-shek,
quoted in *Time* magazine on 27 February 1956

Comments on the Week's News

Still on the Brink

The Quemoy crisis remains desperate, as the TUC recognises in its appeal to the Premier. The Indian effort to raise a debate on China's admission to the UN failed, as could be expected, but by a much smaller margin than last year. The failure of the Warsaw talks was also predicted, and this breaks the slender direct line between Washington and Peking. If diplomacy is to continue, it must now be conducted through intermediaries – possibly the Asian neutrals or Mr Hammarskjold himself. But what can be discussed? The positions taken by the Chinese and the Americans are in direct contradiction, and there was no evidence at Warsaw that either side was willing to make the slightest compromise. Meanwhile, the military situation around Quemoy continues to deteriorate to the point where one side or the other must give way, at least tacitly, if a wider conflict is to be avoided. Mr Dulles believes that he can make the Communists back down, and that, despite the bitter tirades which Peking is still directing against 'American warmongers', Mao does not intend to run the risk of precipitating nuclear war. He may be right, but peace hangs entirely on his hunch: he believes that Krushchev and Mao can afford to put off the Quemoy crisis to another day, whereas it would be a political disaster for the US to 'betray' Chiang. But such a 'success' will solve nothing. The present crisis was built into the last 'success' of this kind, when by a show of force Mr Dulles induced Peking temporarily to call off the shelling of Quemoy. This process cannot be repeated, because each time Mr Dulles commits the US to ever more dangerous and political untenable policies. We shall remain on the brink of disaster until Mr Dulles is induced to face reality about the offshore islands and the Chiang regime.

The End of Sherman Adams

The reasons which Mr Sherman Adams has given for his resignation are obviously genuine: he had become an embarrassment to the President and, more particularly, to the Republican candidates at the November elections. The crushing defeat of Senator Payne in Maine – the senator had also received gifts from Mr Goldfine – was the last straw. Yet the scandal which blew up against Mr Adams is less important than the consequences of his resignation. It removes the key man from the group of managers who have controlled the President from the moment when he was first induced to run. Adams was a man with great power and no responsibility to the electors. The Eisenhower concept of the presidency was based upon him. (On 7 December 1957 we published an important article which showed how 'The Cipher in the White House' was manipulated by Adams.) For this reason, his departure may well involve a shift in power. Initially, it is bound to benefit Mr Dulles, but the long-term gainer may be Vice-President Nixon. He and Adams have disliked and distrusted each other, and it was Adams who pushed Nixon to one side when the President was taken ill in Denver. Nixon, therefore, has sought to build up his influence in the National Security Council, the Cabinet and the Senate, in order to offset the intrigues of the White House clique, led by Adams. Whatever shortcomings the Vice-President may have, he at least plays an open and constitutional role in American politics – which is more than could be said for Mr Adams.

Algeria's New Government

The formation of an Algerian government-in-exile was an inevitable step, forced on the Nationalist leaders by the French decision to hold the referendum in Algeria. As the 'result' of the Algerian voting will be announced as a massive endorsement of the de Gaulle constitution, the Nationalists were bound to draw attention to the fact that Algeria does not recognise French rule by forming their own government. The argument against such a move was that it might seriously embarrass Morocco and Tunisia in their relations with France. In fact, this has proved unfounded. Recognition by these two countries has not been followed by a hysterical French reaction, and this suggests that the new government may not be entirely unwelcome to de Gaulle. His post-referendum intentions are still obscure; but clearly, if he does decide to negotiate with the Nationalists, Mr Ferhat Abbas's government will provide him with an *interlocuteur valable*. We suspect that, paradoxically, his willingness to negotiate will be in inverse ratio to the size of the opposition vote. A small majority will make him more dependent on his military supporters; a large one will give him freedom of action to adopt a sensible policy. For the first time Mr Krushchev, no doubt irritated, has denounced the new regime in set terms; and this suggests the Algerian government will shortly be recognised by the entire Communist bloc.

The Baghdad Trials

While we welcomed the advent of the new regime in Iraq, and fully appreciate that its leaders cannot be held responsible for the excesses committed by the Baghdad mob last July, the political trials it is now conducting cast doubts upon the integrity, as well as the wisdom, of General Kassem and his associates. The 'star' of the trials appears to be Dr Fadhil Jamali, an ex-Prime Minister, who was Foreign Minister in the Nuri es-Said government at the time of the coup. He is accused of treason on four counts and the prosecution have demanded the death penalty; moreover, the attitude of the President of the Court suggests that Jamali may be made a sacrificial victim to atone for the evils of Nuri's regime. This is a role for which he is grossly miscast. Though Jamali was a strong supporter of the British connection, he frequently and publicly disassociated himself from the illegalities of Nuri's dictatorship. In an interview with a Special Correspondent of this journal last year, he denounced the press censorship and called for the lifting of the ban on political parties and the holding of free elections. He believed firmly in democratic practices and the rule of law and campaigned tirelessly on behalf of the Arab refugees and the Algerian Nationalists. The accusation that he was one of the architects of the Baghdad Pact is well-founded; but it comes strangely from a government which has repeatedly expressed its desire to fulfil all Iraq's international commitments, including the Pact.

NEXT WEEK

Autumn Books Number

Contributors to this enlarged issue will include Asa Briggs *on Commitment in Literature*, V. S. Pritchett *on the Coloured Writer*, A. J. P. Taylor *on Munich and* Michael Foot *on Conviction.*

Mr Amory's Gesture

It has taken the government a whole year since the Mont Tremblant conference to make up its mind about its policy of assistance to the development plans of the Commonwealth countries. Now it has followed up the recent grant to India under the export guarantee scheme with a more genuine announcement of its intentions. Where private loans are inadequate or too dear, it will lend to independent Commonwealth countries under that scheme at only a quarter of one per cent. above the rate at which the government itself can borrow. This promise is not made without a limit: what is done under it will depend both on the supposed credit-worthiness of the borrower and on the amount Great Britain can afford to supply. The new policy is an important departure, at any rate in principle; and it clearly indicates the extent of British recovery from last year's scare over the value of sterling. This year the British balance of payments has mostly been running at a handsome surplus, despite the fall in raw material prices and its adverse effect on the purchasing power of money in the British dominions. During the past month or two, there have indeed been some signs of the long-awaited fall in British exports; but it has been less than was expected, and the balance of payments is still strong. That last year's crises in respect of current payments arose out of speculative influences and not out of real trading relations makes it easier to resume the export of capital at a higher level now.

The Homeless Ex-prisoner

Few people are at a worse disadvantage than the man who is fresh from prison and is also homeless. National Assistance methods (with shining exceptions in which the officials go well out of their line of duty to help) must sometimes seem designed to assist such a man back into prison in the shortest possible time. A number of people have seen this for years as a key problem in the prevention of crime, but it was Merfyn Turner, the founder of the 'Barge Club' and other enterprises, who five years ago did something about it. The unique establishment he calls 'Norman House', at 15 Aberdeen Park, Islington, gives bed and board to 30 or 40 homeless discharged prisoners at a time, finds them jobs and shepherds them through the danger period; and so far none of them has ever gone back to prison during his residence there, which averages four and a half months. In the fourth Annual Report, just published, you now have to search for some time among the lists of patrons, committee members, and other well-wishers for the names of Turner and his wife, who do all the work and whose influence makes the whole undertaking possible. Their main principles are that men who go to Norman House (all men with more than one sentence of imprisonment) must be capable of benefiting from it, that they must first be met and befriended in prison, and that they must be given, by 'the creation of a strong feeling of family', a sense of belonging to the House. There is a self-evident need for a Norman House in every large town.

News from Our Own Correspondents

New York

Cold Crisis

The possibility of war over the Chinese offshore islands is enveloped in an air of almost total unreality. The exchange of ominous notes between Washington and Moscow, the President's flat declaration that we will fight for Quemoy, and Krushchev's notice to us to get out of Formosa or be driven out – all these, along with Mr Dulles's bulletin that the situation is now 'extremely serious', have so far evoked nothing resembling an atmosphere of crisis. The diplomacy of the brink has at last got the country into a corner where it apparently has to choose between backing down on a presidential commitment and facing the immediate prospect of war, perhaps limited and conventional and perhaps unlimited and nuclear; yet there is small evidence that the public sees the alternatives as such or takes either as a serious possibility. No triple-banked eight-column headlines scream from the press as they did in the recurrent crises of the Hitler era. There are no mass meetings, and talk of war rarely creeps into the general conversation. At the week-end, the news from the Formosa Straits was reported on the radio only after more urgent tidings concerning union negotiations with General Motors and preparations for the America's Cup race off Newport.

Newspaper reaction to the decision on Quemoy, if unalarmed, was far from enthusiastic. A broad cross-section of editorial comment shows remarkably little flag-waving, with doubt and downright opposition more marked in the country at large than in unsophisticated New York. Where this city's *Herald Tribune* hails the Administration's 'honourable course' and proclaims, almost mechanically, that the country 'will fight as one if fight it must', the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* 'strongly opposes the Formosa policy' and asks for a show of public opinion against war, so far not forthcoming. The Detroit *Free Press* sees the offshore islands as nothing 'on which Americans can stake their honour – let alone their lives' and suggests that Mr Dulles 'should retire to Duck Island and bore the birds' with his preachments. A typical attitude is that of the Des Moines *Register*, which agrees that 'it is necessary to stand firm against a show of military force' but wishes it could see 'more signs of realistic approaches to a sensible China policy from our statesmen'. A number of papers favour dumping the whole problem in the lap of United Nations, making Formosa a neutralised state under UN protection – obviously a counsel of perfection to a Secretary of State who is only now beginning to toy with the idea of urging Chiang Kai-shek to demobilise the offshore islands. When reporters broached even this limited notion to Chiang's new Ambassador to Washington, His Excellency's diplomatic response was: 'Demilitarisation, I think, is nuts'.

Democratic Party criticism of Administration policy, which might have been formidable and may still be if Quemoy becomes a Korea but not a major war, is inhibited by the fact that Democrats in great numbers voted for the 1955 resolution empowering the President to use force in the Straits if he felt Formosa itself to be threatened. Mr Eisenhower has already cited this fact, presumably to head off opposition, and few recall that many Democrats went along with him then only reluctantly, cajoled by their leaders into a demonstration of 'national unity' in time of crisis. Even at that, Senator Lehman tried specifically to exempt Quemoy and Matsu from the scope of the resolution and won the support of seven of the eight Democrats on the Foreign Relations Committee. Most of these Senators are critical of the current policy, especially Green of Rhode Island, Kennedy of Massachusetts, and Fulbright of Arkansas. But their voices are keyed to a low pitch, and there is no evidence that any serious number of Congressmen want to leave their districts for Washington in the autumn of an election year just in order to debate matters of war and peace.

ROBERT BENDINER

New Delhi

The Food Crisis

Our New Delhi Correspondent writes: India's difficulties over food, especially in some northern and eastern regions, have become more acute than ever. The distress is serious in eastern Uttar Pradesh state, and there is much anxiety in Bihar, Madhya Pradesh, West Bengal and Rajasthan. Food riots have taken place in Uttar Pradesh, where the villagers already have little to eat, and what they do get can only euphemistically be called grain. Their purchasing power has little relation to prices, and they live continuously in a state of scarcity that verges on famine. In a recent analysis of the food problem, the Federation of Indian Chambers of Commerce and Industry listed six basic features of the current position: (i) there are considerable variations in production from year to year; (ii) these fluctuations relate not only to total production but also to yields per acre; (iii) either planned targets have not been realised or there have occurred serious setbacks after attainment; (iv) there have been continual large imports of foodgrains; (v) while the Second Five-year Plan envisaged total imports of foodgrains over the five-year period of six million tons, already during the first half of the period imports have exceeded five million tons; and (vi) India's population is increasing by about five million a year. The FICCI has suggested strongly a 'production orientation', the adoption of a long-term agricultural policy (which would cover size of holdings, irrigation facilities and their utilisation, more seed farms and fertiliser, mechanised farming, and production of exportable commercial crops), change in food habits from cereals to fruit and vegetables, curbing population growth, and the collection of accurate statistics. These remedies have been suggested before; many people wonder if a remedy can be found without going deeper than such advice and exhortations.

In a recent debate in the Lok Sabha, the Minister of Food and Agriculture pleaded that he could be held responsible only for those things for which the constitution placed direct responsibility on him; the Constitution had placed the primary responsibility for food production on the individual states. Mr Nehru also remarked that so far as the central government was concerned it realised the importance of food production, and so did the Planning Commission. 'We have tried,' he added, 'to bring this realisation so far as we can to all our state governments also.' The state administrations have been given a role by the constitution which will, it has been stressed again and again, among other things decide the success or otherwise of India's plans. While it is true that some of the states are contributing towards the success of the plans, others seem for various reasons to be finding it difficult to arrive anywhere near the targets laid down. This was evident from the Planning Commission's recent publication, *State Development Plans, Review of Progress*. In respect of food, the over-all production estimated for 1957-58 fell 182,000 tons short of the figure anticipated in the plan. In the circumstances people have begun to ask if a basic constitutional change is not possible, even at this late stage, whereby power is gathered in to coincide with responsibility and the interests of the nation: in other words, that all subjects vital to India's development, like food and agriculture, should be taken over by the centre – even if this should necessitate modification of India's federal structure.

Santiago

The Chilean Election

A Correspondent in Chile writes: Chile has now the most disciplined and enthusiastic left-wing movement in Latin America. It is also the largest left-wing movement in the history of the country. Unfortunately it wasn't large enough and at the beginning of this month it lost the presidential election by a mere 31,000 votes in one of the most dramatic and heartbreaking vote-by-vote counts this continent has ever witnessed. Sr Jorge Alessandri, the son of Arturo Allessandri who was twice president of Chile, has become the first right-wing president since his father held office in 1938. On the other hand, Dr Allende, the candidate and leader of the FRAP – a coalition of the Social Democrat, Communist and Workers' Parties – polled the highest number of votes ever obtained by a left-wing movement in the nation's history. From this follows the paradoxical conclusion that both winner and loser scored important victories. Otherwise the election has emphasised the tendency which exists in Latin America towards a straightforward grouping of forces in right and left-wing coalitions and the disappearance of splinter centre groups. An examination of the geographical distribution of the votes shows that the left wing is strongest in the agricultural and industrial areas, while Sr Alessandri's strongest support came from the urban areas of Santiago and Valparaiso, where the middle class chose security rather than the instability of a reformist president.

Sr Alessandri appealed to the electorate with a simple and straightforward description of his talents as a businessman who hates politics and politicians, a 'firm' man who will not hesitate to take unpopular decisions if the nation needs them and who rejects the back-slapping tradition of local political practice. As far as economic policies go, he boasts of having none except for common sense and free enterprise. Market reaction to his victory was true to form. Within a few hours the rate of exchange had moved in favour of the peso by about 150 points and a day later the US dollar had changed from an average of 1,180 Chilean pesos to about 900. Whether this first burst of optimism was justified remains doubtful. The new president is faced with an almost bankrupt economy burdened by a complex of half-baked systems of state control which has been shaped and re-shaped over 20 years of lukewarm centre-left governments. In addition, Chile is faced with immediate problems such as the existence of 10 per cent. unemployment in the Santiago area, and probably a higher percentage elsewhere, a budget

deficit of over 100,000 million pesos, a terrible housing shortage which increases yearly and – after 38 years of 'compulsory education' – over one million illiterates in a total population of less than seven million.

Sr Alessandri is really an unknown figure. His greatest accomplishments lie in the field of business administration. Like Mr Herbert Hoover, he plans to run the nation with the same methods which proved successful in running his numerous business concerns. Faced with a serious economic crisis, not very well armed politically with a slender majority of only 31,000 votes, opposed by the greatest left-wing grouping ever formed in the country, he will have a difficult task in trying to vindicate the methods and attitudes of Manchester liberalism over the next six years.

Fleet Street

Death with a Moral

With the end of *Illustrated* next week – it is to be 'incorporated' in its brother at Odhams, *John Bull;* cannibalism is an old Fleet Street habit – London will become the only important capital without even one flourishing picture magazine weekly. This is an odd situation and not easily explainable. *Illustrated* itself never achieved quite the social cachet that *Picture Post* gained for itself in its great days. It lacked the political conscience that the Hulton paper had under Tom Hopkinson. But it carried at various times a good deal of worth-while, and occasionally some excellent, documentary material and for a time exceeded *Picture Post* in circulation in the days when they could both hope to top the million mark without much trouble. It has lasted a little longer than *Picture Post* mainly because Odhams is a bigger organisation than Hultons and hoped at one time that by hanging on it might pick up readers left at a loose end by *Picture Post's* demise. This hope was not realised. The last ABC figures showed that, so far from picking up readers, *Illustrated* had merely succeeded in losing another 200,000 or so after the departure of *Picture Post* left it with a free field. It was down to below 450,000. This figure the economics of the modern popular magazine business now make derisory – odd as this would have seemed to our fathers in Fleet Street. Nothing was left but to cut its throat, and give the body to *John Bull* as a meal. Indeed, *Illustrated* would hardly have been left alive even for these last few weeks but for the desire to coincide its last number with the opening chapters of A. J. Cronin's new serial. These will appear next week in both *John Bull* and *Illustrated,* the hope being that Dr Cronin's magic will be sufficiently strong to make those who read them in the latter paper switch to the 'new' *John Bull* the following week to find out what happened next. *John Bull* can do with these readers if it can get them. Though fit and prosperous compared with *Illustrated* – and indeed with most popular magazines today – it has lately fallen below the million circulation figure which has so mystic and compelling an appeal for advertisers.

Why should it now prove impossible to keep alive even one popular picture magazine in Britain? The usual answer given is television. But this is not a reason so much as an excuse. No one could argue that the American public is less addicted to television than the British. But this does not prevent *Life* and *Look* from flourishing. Nor has television got in the way of the success of *Paris Match.* Indeed everywhere else picture magazines not only flourish but if anything increase in prestige and readership. Even in Britain the first and still the best of the illustrated magazines – the *Illustrated London News* – is doing extremely well, although it aims, of course, at a different, and in the main a somewhat higher, income group than *Picture Post* and *Illustrated* ever did and follows a very different editorial pattern. But it has, according to latest estimates, a readership of over 750,000; at a price more than six times that of *Picture Post* and *Illustrated* this is no mean achievement.

Part of the secret of why both *Picture Post* and *Illustrated* failed probably lies in this matter of cost. *Life, Look, Paris Match* and, in its different way, *Illustrated London News* continue to flourish in a television-ridden world because in their separate ways all do superbly something that television cannot do. But to do it costs money. More money than either *Picture Post* or *Illustrated* in their latter days were able to spend. It also requires an editorial originality and talent and a flair for searching the world for the interesting, the revealing and the unusual which neither *Illustrated* nor *Picture Post* was apparently in their later years able to mobilise. They failed, in fact, because they began to do poorly and on the whole rather scrappily what television by its nature could do both better and with much more sense of immediacy.

Any contemporary newspaper or magazine that does that is now doomed to death. The successful magazine has to begin where the television screen leaves off, it has to go deeper and be more comprehensive, and it has to turn what superficially is a liability, its time disadvantage, into an asset by being both more comprehensive and more professionally tailored to its own particular market than television with its anonymous and amorphous viewing mass can possibly be. Here, incidentally, on the popular level is the reason for the vast success of the women's magazines. They do for their particular publics a much better job than the television women's programmes do. And on a very different level it is surely the reason for the continued stable circulation of the serious weekly reviews which begin where television leaves off and go deeper than it can. It wasn't television that killed *Illustrated* and *Picture Post.* It was this failure to adjust to the new situation created by television. Their death has its moral for Fleet Street as a whole.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Barbara and the Archbishop

THE hatchet-job which has been done on Mrs Barbara Castle jointly by the Tory press and the leadership of the Labour Party must not be allowed to distract attention from the real importance of the news she brought from Athens. Whether the Establishment in Britain likes it or not, the Cyprus problem is fundamentally changed since Mrs Castle's visit. For some time Archbishop Makarios has allowed it to be surmised by those in contact with him that he was prepared as a last resort to abandon Enosis. Surmises, however, and dark hints had no effect on the situation. Till now Makarios has refused any public statement modifying his original aims.

Mrs Castle succeeded (using, it appears, a good deal of diplomatic adroitness) in making him formulate his new position in public. It may be summarised as follows: Cyprus shall be self-governing and independent of both Athens and Ankara as well as London; the rights of the Turkish minority shall be internationally guaranteed; Enosis is to be abandoned, and there shall be no change in the international status of the island except with the permission of the UN; the independence of Cyprus is not incompatible with membership of the Commonwealth.

Hitherto Enosis has been by far the biggest obstacle to any just and peaceful settlement of the Cyprus problem. That is not to say that an *agreed* settlement is now—or ever has been—possible. But it is the stumbling-block of Enosis which has made it difficult for Britain—obliged to impose some sort of settlement over the protests of at least one of two irreconcilable factions—to impose the logical and just one of backing the majority in principle while safeguarding the rights of the minority. In the face of Enosis, the most fundamental Turkish fears were not altogether unreasonable. That is why efforts at compromise solutions have always begun by trying to persuade Greek Cypriots to separate the real and immediate prize of independence from the troublesome and romantic concept of Enosis. Till now these attempts have failed to elicit more than half-hearted and semi-official assurances that the Greek community would be prepared not to press the claim of Enosis for a few years. This week their leader has solemnly and publicly abandoned the claim; and, though there has been an immediate hostile reaction from the extremists in the island, there are the strongest reasons to believe that the Greek government in Athens stands behind this change of policy.

Now anybody in this country—or in Cyprus or Turkey—is entitled to argue that the Archbishop is a slippery customer and that he does not mean what he says. But nobody in his senses can deny that the public abandonment of Enosis, if genuine, creates a totally new situation, one in which the absolute foundation of legitimate Turkish fears is removed, in which a reasonable political settlement for the first time becomes possible, and in which British troops can be relieved of their present thankless task and can be used to support the processes of decent democratic government.

Is the offer genuine? All one can say at this stage is that the good faith of the Archbishop, as well as his authority over the Greek Cypriot community, can be put to the test only in negotiations. What sort of safeguards for the minority? What sort of international guarantee of the independence of Cyprus? What kind of constitution is it that the Archbishop himself is drawing up? Is he now prepared to begin negotiations on the basis of the Radcliffe constitution which, if he means what he says, at last becomes relevant? We can find out only by taking the Makarios declaration at its face value and putting it to the test. That, of course, means suspending the implementation of the Macmillan plan, which, despite Sir Hugh Foot's denials, contains the seeds of partition. Once the Turkish Commissioner arrives in Cyprus from Ankara, the Archbishop's offer is withdrawn. And naturally so: the formal endorsement of a representative from Ankara in the Cyprus government is the exact antithesis of a plan for the complete independence of Cyprus.

But why should the British government, if its intentions are honourable, be frightened of postponing the Macmillan plan for a period? It is utter rubbish to say that the invitation to the Turkish Commissioner cannot, without diplomatic propriety, be suspended while the good faith of Makarios is put to the test. The truth is that it

is the good faith of the British government which is this week being tested. The Makarios declaration carries the Cyprus situation on to the stage where negotiations for genuine independence become possible; and if Britain is no longer prepared to negotiate, it is because she no longer wants independence for Cyprus. The probability indeed is that ministers, haunted by the secret assurances they have given to the Turks, have ruled out of their own minds any solution which involves abandoning British control.

Here is an unexpected chance for the Labour Party to take a real political initiative. The unfortunate consequence of Mr Gaitskell's contemptible treatment of Mrs Castle last Tuesday is not only that it demonstrates the willingness of the Labour leadership to surrender to a particularly discreditable newspaper campaign, but that it inevitably distracted the attention of the public from the important issues which Mrs Castle had raised. It is to be hoped that, when the Labour Executive comes this weekend to consider the longer-range politics involved, it will understand the importance of making an immediate and positive response to the Archbishop's offer. It is also to be hoped that, whatever form of words it may use in its public declarations, it will give consideration to the political directives under which the British army in Cyprus is at present being used virtually to make war – with the connivance of the Turks – on the Greek community. The real point of Mrs Castle's complaint is that no negotiations can be profitably conducted unless those directives are countermanded. If the Labour Party is not prepared to face the degree of criticism or unpopularity it may incur in saying all this, it had better give up its claim to be an alternative government. The choice in Cyprus is basically a simple one: do you impose a reasonable solution, with safeguards, on a minority or a tyrannical solution on the majority? The present government is following to its logical end the policy of denying democracy to the majority of Cypriots in order to buy the favours of Turkey – long regarded as the most 'trustworthy' member of Nato and the Bagdad Pact. The attitude of the Greek leaders in the past has made that policy reasonably easy to defend in public. With this week's news, the obvious alternative of genuine Cypriot independence becomes at least potentially viable. It is for the Labour leaders to ensure that the public at large understands its possibilities.

The Line-up for De Gaulle

A FEW days ago, 26,500,000 French electors received personal letters containing the text of the new constitution, the latest speech of General de Gaulle, and two alternative voting slips. Everyone, therefore, has had ample time to read and reflect on the issue to be decided this Sunday. Without taking any public opinion polls, however, it can be truthfully stated that very few of them have bothered to read the enclosed text. That is not what they are going to vote about. Indeed, if it had been presented to them in a different political context, and by somebody other than de Gaulle, it is unlikely that it would receive even 10 per cent. favourable votes. Yet everyone agrees that the new constitution will get a comfortable majority this week-end.

Despite its many political parties, France is a country with remarkably stable voting patterns, and every election since the Liberation has revealed a big majority in favour of the republican parties. For such voters, the clauses of the new constitution enlarging the powers of the Senate, governing the election of the President, and outlining his future powers are totally unacceptable. They run directly against the traditions of the left and centre parties; nevertheless, we now know that a majority of the Socialists and the Radicals, let alone the MRP, will vote Yes.

The constitution is equally unsatisfactory to the men of the extreme Right, those who would like to see the French Union run by a Mussolini. In the first place, it gives the Overseas Territories the right to decide their own fate – including the choice of complete independence. It guarantees the existence of a multi-party system; and it proclaims the secular character of the new state. Yet, as we know, the Algerian extremists and their allies in Paris have also asked for a positive vote. One old follower of Pétain even went so far as to say: 'If the Marshal were alive today, he would certainly vote Yes'.

Most Frenchmen, therefore, will vote for the new constitution on Sunday, not because they like it, but entirely because they have confidence in its author. I say entirely, because de Gaulle has no programme, nor even a political philosophy; he has simply his name, his past, and the intentions men attribute to him. Indeed – remarkable fact – the speech included in the electoral envelope is devoid of any real content; it contains many resounding formulas, but not a single precise promise.

How has this happened in a country which is instinctively suspicious of 'strong men' and which is profoundly attached to the parliamentary game? The main reason is simple, though few of those who will vote Yes are prepared to admit it openly. Frenchmen have never had it so good, these last few years; the country is more prosperous than ever, and whatever the grumbles over the *apéritif*, most people want things to stay that way. They don't want adventure, a leap in the dark. De Gaulle freed them from the nightmare of a civil war – which was close to becoming a reality in May – and he now offers them an assurance that their quiet life will continue. Since he came to power, he has behaved exactly like his predecessors – many of whom, moreover, are still in the government. His critics, of course, accuse him of *immobilisme*, but the fact is, it is his strongest electoral asset, even among the workers. It represents, in short, a sort of posthumous victory of the Fourth Republic. But Georges Suffert was correct when he wrote in *Témoignage Chrétien*, that if Pétain had wanted to hold a referendum in 1940, he would have won by an enormous majority. He also offered stability and security to his countrymen. And it is a symbolic coincidence that France will vote on the 20th anniversary of Munich. Peace at any price is a slogan which never gets out of date.

But in addition to these psychological factors, de Gaulle has many other arguments for winning votes both on the Left and the Right. For a number of sincere Socialists and Radicals, he is first and foremost a liberal-minded man, both in home affairs and in colonial matters. They believe that once he is elected president, he will not abuse the extensive powers which the new constitution will give him, but will exert all his authority to make peace in Algeria and ensure the smooth constitutional development of the African territories. Moreover, they add, he is the only man who can do these things without being branded as a traitor like Mendès-France.

In the eyes of the extreme Right, on the other hand, he is the man who covered with his authority the *pronunciamento* of 13 May, the only man who can deal with the Communists and stop the rot in Algeria and at home. The fact that the men who organised the May *coup* have since been rewarded by him, and that Jacques Soustelle now sits in his cabinet, has enabled de Gaulle to win the confidence of this section of French opinion also.

Faced with such a heterogeneous block of Gaullists – running from *L'Echo d'Alger* to *Le Populaire* – the opponents of the constitution have had difficulty in making their voices heard at all. What men like Mendès-France and Depreux have tried to make French opinion understand is that de Gaulle, whether he likes it or not, is the prisoner of the combination which brought him to power. He will thus be forced to establish an authoritarian system. The last four months have shown that de Gaulle cannot act against the wishes of the military clique in Algiers and that some government agencies – the army, police and radio, for example – have already acquired a totalitarian flavour. The anti-Gaullists thus claim that Frenchmen, by voting for the constitution, far from obviating 'adventure', will simply legalise it. But this argument, Cartesian and pessimistic as it is, has far more impact in intellectual circles than among the public at large, which dislikes Cassandras and tends to react after, not before, the *fait accompli*.

But others besides metropolitan Frenchmen will be voting on Sunday. The list will include 4,250,000 'Algerians' (i.e., Europeans and Arabs) and over 13 million from the Overseas Territories. Their verdict will obviously mean something quite different from that of Frenchmen proper. In Algeria, it will merely be a symbolic manifestation, though what precisely its organisers intend it to convey I confess I do not understand. Since General Salan has forbidden any campaigning against the constitution and has banned the sale of opposition newspapers, nobody can seriously believe the Algerians are being given a free choice; whilst the way in which the Arabs were forced by the paratroops to inscribe themselves on the electoral roll must inevitably cast doubt on the honesty of the count. Nobody will be surprised or impressed if Algeria gives de Gaulle a 100 per cent. 'vote'. But if, on the other hand, a few Arabs have the courage, and are permitted, to vote No, world opinion is bound to conclude that, despite the military terror, the Algerians are profoundly attached to the aim of national independence. France has therefore nothing to gain and everything to lose from this parody of a democratic referendum.

In the Overseas Territories quite another issue is at stake. There the inhabitants are being asked, in effect, to choose between remaining within the French Union and seceding. It is true that this choice will not be an entirely free one, and every kind of economic and political pressure has been brought to bear to persuade them to vote for the new constitution and so remain eligible for France's substantial economic aid. But in all probability, this will not prevent a negative vote in Guinea and the Niger – which are expected to vote for immediate independence – and in Senegal also the result is uncertain.

The fact that this vote means such different things to the three sections of the electorate in itself undermines the whole validity of the referendum. Why, to put it crudely, should the Senegalese, in opting for independence and so voting No, have the right to prevent metropolitan

Frenchmen from adopting a particular constitution? General de Gaulle has given no personal explanation of the constitutional theory which underlies this clumsy, and potentially anomalous, system. But Guy Mollet made his own attempt to put the record straight at the SFIO congress. The government, he said, would in the last resort count only metropolitan votes. And even then, he said, the General would not be satisfied with a simple majority. Indeed, his inner circle have repeatedly insisted that if he gets less than a 70 per cent. vote, he will consider himself rejected and retire to the country. But on this last point Frenchmen are sceptical; they suspect it is one more of those empty promises, of which they have received so many since 13 May.

Paris K. S. KAROL

London Diary

THAT the Tory press should see in Barbara Castle's important interview with Makarios a golden opportunity for the Labour Party and should decide to smother it with a smear campaign against Mrs Castle herself is only natural. The campaign of vilification against her has not been equalled since the 1945 Laski stunt. But Attlee did not leap to the support of the press against his own chairman. To me the astounding thing is that Gaitskell, Bevan, Callaghan and Griffiths, who saw Mrs Castle at her own request on Tuesday, did just that; with no more than a phrase about misreporting, they repudiated the vice-chairman of thei party, and not one of them appears to have said a word in her favour. This would seem not only personal and party disloyalty, but also political insanity. Even *The Times* pointed out that it was odd that they should have issued a statement throwing Mrs Castle over and saying nothing about the political importance of the Archbishop's concession. If Mrs Castle had in fact attacked the British troops, their statement would have been intelligible, even though pusillanimous. Actually her remarks were justified both by the facts as we know them and also by the terms of Sir Hugh Foot's own public statement. Some people will already have realised this after hearing her own dignified statements on the radio and TV. She said that the blame for putting the troops into an impossible position and permitting them to use rough methods when they were angry – as Sir Hugh admitted they did – lay on the government. And who can gainsay her? You may ask how experienced politicians could fall into this stalest of press traps? The answer – I say it with reluctance – seems to be that the Labour leadership now seems to regard as a rebel to be shot down anyone who is supposed to be left-wing or to have initiative or to look for a sane and peaceful way out from the troubles into which Mr Macmillan has led us. A right-wing trade unionist like Mr Matthews is permitted, apparently without even consulting his leader, publicly to attack the vice-chairman of the party on the mere basis of a press report. A right-wing member of the party, like George Brown, is defended by Mr Gaitskell, even if he makes unauthorised and completely indefensible statements. But the vice-chairman, who has spoken no more than the verifiable truth, is repudiated. No doubt she will win much support at the party conference when (as I hope she will have a chance to do) she explains the opportunity that she has created for the leadership of her party. Her interview with Makarios has made a solution for Cyprus seem possible again.

We live permanently on the brink; but the sensation now is different from what we suffered on the Chamberlain-Hitler brink. Of course, we are getting used to it – dangerously used to it – also we are not so personally responsible as we were in the 1937-39 period; we feel almost helpless spectators in a giant game of bluff between the US and Communist worlds. Even politically conscious people prefer silence; what is the use, they ask, of prophesying disaster if you will be dead if it happens and only look silly if it does not? Nevertheless, I think the nuclear campaigners are right, and that it was useful for 2,400 people to listen to the scientists answering questions in the Central Hall last Monday night. Dr Pauling and his colleagues were able to give reasonably precise figures about the numbers of abnormal children born as a result of each 10-megaton test and the predictable results of an H-Bomb war. Sir Stephen King-Hall tells us that important Service chiefs are prepared to go a long way with his arguments: can they be persuaded to come forward and allow themselves to be questioned like the scientists?

* * *

It feels very odd to be making my first visit to Australia and the South Pacific in the middle of this Pacific crisis, but then there always is a crisis; brinkmanship is a condition of our lives. I have been asking myself what I know about Australia and I find a distressing ignorance. I know a limerick about Australia, remarkable only for the ingenuity of its rhyme and the unprintability of its content, and I remember the grim warning of an anecdote which Sir Malcolm Sargent, after his return from Australia, told a Brains Trust lunch about the ease with which the most innocent story could be misunderstood when told by an Englishman to Australians. What else? I think of the Aussies of the first world war; 'Diggers' seems to me a later, manufactured word. They endeared themselves to everyone in France by their contempt for brass-hats and for spit-and-polish discipline. They were the first, if my memory serves me right, to wear black instead of brass buttons; obviously they just wouldn't have wasted their time with Brasso and pipeclay. I recall one very fresh pip-squeak lieutenant who rebuked an Aussie for not saluting him on a French railway platform and was rewarded, during an hour's waiting, by having continuously to acknowledge the formal and ironic salutes of a whole platoon of Aussies who never left off walking up and down the platform. I recall that Sir Keith Hancock was for years our Australian correspondent before he became famous. I have re-read an article of his in March 1931 – the second issue after I had joined this journal. The Australians I've known in this country include Bert Evatt (I have a historic photograph of him with David Low who introduced me to Evatt during the war), Mr and Mrs Casey (probably the only Foreign Minister's wife who is both an artist and a pilot), Professor Oliphant, one of the scientists who spoke at Monday's meeting arranged by the Nuclear Disarmament Campaign, and a number of less well-known figures who have all been remarkable for individuality and independence of outlook.

* * *

In this dilemma of ignorance I have read with gratitude *Australian Accent*, which is published this week. (Chatto & Windus, 18s.) The author, J. D. Pringle, is an old friend who has been editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald* for five years and has now returned to England to become assistant editor of the *Observer*. It is excellent reading, lively, appreciative and highly critical. Australia, he explains, is not England spilling into the Antipodes, nor is it a replica of the United States. The one certainty is that it will surprise any visitor by making him revise any preconceptions he may have. It is a highly individual country. He clears up several mysteries about Australian politics. Perhaps his most revealing chapter describes the activities of a young Catholic politician called Santamaria, who, more than anybody else, has been responsible for splitting the Labour Party and forcing the religious issue to the front of politics. Most interesting to me is his account of the development of the arts and literature in Australia. D. H. Lawrence and Nevil Shute are not the only novelists to read, and he quotes enough from the present school of poets to show that some of them are not only technically first-class but also, astonishingly and deliberately, reviving the metres and spirit of Dryden and Pope. A return to the Augustan period of literature is certainly the last springtime I should have expected!

* * *

On one point Pringle appears to have been misled about the facts. I hope to form my own judgment about whether it would be sensible from the world point of view for West Irian (that is, the former Dutch half of New Guinea) simply to be passed over to Indonesia. But there is nothing in the least 'Hitlerian' (Pringle's fantastic phrase) about Djakarta's demands. Its claim (though often unwisely phrased) is no more aggressive or unjustified than it would have been if India were now demanding some bit of Indian territory which the British had contrived to withhold when we quitted India. We were not so foolish. At the Round Table Conference at The Hague in 1949, the Indonesians agreed to postpone for discussion a year later their occupation of West Irian, because they wanted a quick settlement and because they, perhaps naively, assumed that the Dutch would approach the issue reasonably. Though an increasing number of Dutchmen realise the unwisdom of perpetuating ill-feeling on account of territory which they have never thought it worth while to develop when they ruled Indonesia, a group at The Hague has always been powerful enough to prevent a settlement, and it has recently persuaded the Australians to support their case, no doubt, primarily, for strategic reasons. Anyway, this will be a live issue in Djakarta, where I hope to call on my way out, and in Sydney, where I expect to be during the Australian election campaign.

Knowing Fenner Brockway, I find it odd that it should be his seventieth birthday that his friends are celebrating at a public party in St Pancras Town Hall on 2 November. Recalling his career, seventy seems much too young. Recalling his present activities it seems far too old. He led the No Conscription Fellowship in the first world war; serving the inevitable gaol sentence, he watched from his cell window while Roger Casement gazed at his last sunset. After the war he was always prominent in the ILP, fought Winston Churchill in the by-election circus at Westminster in 1924 and at last became an MP in 1929. He played a prominent part in the United and Popular Front campaigns, in the Spanish Civil War and, when the second world war broke out, was again a leader in a No Conscription League. After the war, with the virtual fade-out of the ILP and his own break with it, it looked as though his career was over. But with his election as a Labour MP in 1950, he got his second wind; he became 'MP for Africa' and thereby earned more hostility from settlers and more respect from Africans than anyone else at Westminster. He has not allowed advancing years to retard his ideas; and unlike many people with revolutionary views, he has seldom allowed the somewhat over-dramatised intensity of his public campaigning to interfere with such private zests as drinking beer and watching Rugby football. He is that extraordinary creature, a fanatic who is also kind and gay. I know his party will go with a swing.

CRITIC

Nihil Obstat

'US Will Let Red China Speak.'—*News Chronicle* headline.

Six hundred million? Well, in my opinion,
By now it must have reached about six-fifty;
'We that are left grow old', said Laurence Binyon—
But Chinese peasants (fertile types and thrifty)
Find age more tolerable for endurance
With human props for National Insurance.

The famines pass—progression's geometric.
(You can kill half the people all the time,
As Lincoln might have said.) The facts—obstetric—
Allow for wars, and still the figures climb:
John Foster, do you know another nation
That multiplies in spite of decimation?

Are you so eager for a final show-down
In your diplomacy of cheek and chance?
They say your Great Deterrent can but slow down
The demographic tide of their advance;
They say, John Foster, that they've had enough
Of arrogance, hypocrisy and bluff. . . .

Now, like a Pope, you've given your permission
To let these people speak. It's very kind;
But does this mean the curious inhibition
(Which kept you so inexplicably blind
To their existence) is at last removed?
Why—*pugnant, ergo sunt*—the thing is proved.

I wish it could have been some other thing
That broke the sequence of your tedious solo—
Lao-tze, Confucius or a course in Ming
Ceramics, or the tales of Marco Polo:
You've got a neck—but they will understand:
Your head's so long been hidden in the sand.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

My father made me come home at 10 p.m. until I was 21, took my 17s. wages and gave me 2s. 6d. to spend. My own son smokes fairly heavily at 18, earns £8 a week, has several girl friends and talks of buying a car. Other parents also tell me their children seem very grown up. Could it be something to do with the atom tests?—Letter in *Reynolds*. (Emrys Rees.)

At his public house in Royal College Street, Mr Webster explained that he was not a rebel and that he was not prejudiced against the Negro. If a coloured man came into his public house he would discreetly ask him to leave.—*The Times*. (Brian Thomas.)

A stag fleeing before the hounds of the Devon and Somerset hunt twice escaped into the sea, only to be shot by huntsmen when it came ashore for the second time.

It was, the British Field Sports Society said yesterday, a kindness for if the stag had not been shot, it might have caught a chill and drowned.—*News Chronicle*. (M. L. G. Garner.)

The Chinese Ironsides

I AM glad that I stopped off in Moscow before catching the TU 104 to Peking. For a quiet fortnight, spent in seeing a little of Russian agriculture and talking a great deal to Moscow intellectuals, gave me a stable background against which to measure the vast landslide of the Chinese revolution. What I have brought back are, of course, not well-grounded conclusions but merely the subjective impressions of a western Socialist making his first visit to either country. But first impressions—just because they are sharp and unblurred by repetition—may sometimes catch a glimpse of truths so big and obvious that more experienced observers tend to overlook them.

So let me start with one wopping generalisation. The Soviet Union is now a Marxist Establishment, which, although it is subject to change (and sometimes to very violent change), yet provides to its citizens a settled framework of life, thought and feeling. In China, on the other hand, one is confronted by a Marxist revolution—a mass movement which has not yet exhausted its impetus. One trifling illustration is sufficient to indicate what I mean. State Farm Bolshevik, some 50 miles south of Moscow, had been lavishly praised by Krushchev just before I arrived; and I was duly taken round it by a member of the management committee, who was also the chairman of the Komsomol—the League of Young Communist Militants. When asked about its purpose, he replied tersely: 'To increase output.' 'But what about Marxist training?' I asked. 'Oh, that's far too difficult for us,' he said. 'We leave it to the intellectuals in the city.'

Wherever I travelled in Manchuria, in Honan and along the Yellow River valley, I kept comparing this sensible, successful, urban bureaucrat with the Chinese peasant leaders who took me round. Only one of them (on the state farm near Peking) was a party functionary. All the rest ten years before had been illiterate, helpless victims of landlordism. Today, however, as they give you the essential figures and facts out of their notebooks or take you to inspect their experimental plots, their old people's homes, their communal canteens, their mines and primitive industries, the main impression they make is one of self-reliance and self-possession.

Once again, I thought, the common man has proved himself capable of wielding authority, and I was reminded irresistibly of Cromwell's soldiers as they revealed themselves in the Putney Debates of 1647. Here, I thought, is another Puritan revolution. Here are Iconoclasts and Ironsides, like our own, who combine a cool power of practical decision with an arrogant certainty of predestined victory; a devotion to the liberation of the people with a sectarian persecution of minority opinion. In 20th-century China, however, there will be no Restoration. This Marxist Puritan Commonwealth, and the strange mixture of liberation and persecution which accompanies it, have come to stay.

I was lucky enough to fly into China in the very week when the People's Commune movement, which had started in Honan Province, suddenly spread across the whole country. Later on I visited three of these human beehives, which make the collectivism of the Israeli Kibbutzim look very half-hearted. The first was in the salty marshes outside Tientsin, the second in the dust-bowl of Honan Province and the third on the banks of the Yangtse. All had been set up since my arrival in Peking and everything I saw suggested that this particular Leap Forward was spontaneous and unforeseen by the State Planning Commission.

Suddenly the peasants in district after district had decided to pool all the separate collective villages in a single organisation, which would also take over every other activity—including local government and trade—and every other kind of property too. In each case the method of take-over varied considerably. In one, the 37 collective villages still remained in being and were run by a kind of co-ordinating committee. In another they had been dissolved, and the inhabitants divided up, for production purposes, into brigades, drawn from half a dozen villages. The communal canteens and crèches, which are an essential feature of this new Spartan collectivism, also varied considerably. Their aim, of course, is to double the labour-force by freeing the women from household chores. In one commune, only the rice was prepared centrally, while each family cooked its own vegetables and meat and still ate at home. In another, meals had been completely collectivised, and you could eat as much as you liked, free, for the rest of your life in any of the scores of communal canteens.

There were also great variations in the amount and the kind of peasant industries being established. On the Yangtse, where there is opencast mining, I saw 220 peasants hacking iron ore out of an open hillside and breaking it to pieces with hammers. Another 460 were busy constructing a dozen primitive blast furnaces and preparing a steel works as well. 'Next year we shall make our own farm machinery,' I was told, 'buying the engine but doing the rest ourselves.' In Honan, on the other hand, the mainstay was still agriculture. Nineteen thousand people were employed on the land and only 1,000 in 362 cottage industries. The one 'factory' was a large farmyard, in which I saw 170 peasants busily making primitive agricultural implements—including hand-made ballbearings for the wheels of their carts. In the commune in Tientsin, the only industry I heard of was dam-building and the construction of a primitive hydro-electric plant. Each commune, in fact, had gone to work in its own way on modernising its productive methods without waiting for instructions from a higher authority.

Ideological uniformity on the other hand, could

not have been more rigid. In each commune the peasants had been summoned to mass meetings, at which private property was renounced – not only the holdings of land in the collective but also the private plot and the private livestock solemnly reserved to each family at the time of collectivisation. The only property left to the household was the mud hut, the garden and a few fowls, and in one commune I was told that the next step would be to take over the private huts and replace them by communal three-storey brick barracks. Each commune, by the way, has its own militia, and the members are being supplied with rifles and bayonets. So every morning the brigades can march out either to work with the hoe or to war against imperialism. What a contrast with the Russian countryside, where Krushchev has been winning friends by abolishing tractor stations, giving much more independence to the collectives and guaranteeing the permanence and profitability of the private family plot! One of the most remarkable sights of Moscow today is the vast food market, where peasants come from as far as Georgia in order to get the highest price for their private produce.

One reason for this contrast, I suspect, is that, whereas Russian Communism was an urban philosophy, imposed on a hostile countryside, the Chinese Communists began as leaders of a peasant guerilla movement and only took over the towns after 1949. Now, however, their Puritanism is just as strongly entrenched in urban life. Corruption, I was assured, has been completely abolished, along with flies and mosquitoes. So has tipping. During my fortnight in Russia, no one, whether taxi driver, waiter or porter, refused a tip. During my three weeks in China, no one accepted one, despite the fact that the service I received was of quite a different class from anything I met in Moscow. I once telephoned for a taxi after midnight, and the taxi man walked 300 yards through winding alleys and driving rain in order to find the house where I had been dining. He proudly refused a tip, and so did the hotel staff, who only wanted a testimonial in the enormous book they keep. Were these workers afraid, or were they acting on Puritan principle? Probably they were 'doing the right thing' through a mixture of motives. But a change of social behaviour of this kind cannot be achieved merely by compulsion from above. It is a product of a mass movement, inspired by a strong conviction of moral superiority over the infidel.

This brings me to the most unattractive aspect of Chinese Puritanism. Touring the countryside and inspecting factories, my conversation was usually on technical or practical topics, and human relations were therefore easy. It was only when I had to deal with officials or intellectuals that I felt the full force of Marxist *hubris*. Never was I left for longer than a few minutes without some reminder that I was a representative of a social system both aggressive and ineffective, both immoral and inane. The natural Chinese conviction of superiority has been given an ideological edge by the Communist doctrine of the two camps. 'He that is not with us is against us' was the presumption not only of the endless strident demonstrations which crowded the streets, but of every conversation I had in Peking.

I found this sectarian intolerance a good deal less unbearable when I discovered its cause. Ever since the 'rectification' campaign started, the intellectuals have had a pretty rough time. Day in day out, they have been reminded that they can never be trusted completely because of their innate tendency to Revisionism and other foul heresies. Every intellectual, every official, every manager is now obliged to abase himself before the worker by two days a week of manual labour, as well as by 'volunteering' for any specially unpleasant collective chores, such as cleaning the mud from Peking's artificial lakes or tree-planting on the bleak mountains by the Great Wall. 'See you tomorrow,' I said to my little Intourist guide in Wuhan. 'I'm afraid not,' he said, 'it's my day for street sweeping.' And I was interested to learn in Peking University that all the first-year students of philosophy were to live for the next 12 months in a people's commune in order to relate their theory to manual labour.

The Communists are obviously determined to prevent the mandarins taking over their revolution and re-creating a China ruled by the intellectual élite. But, in rectifying the intelligentsia, they are scaring it out of its skin and inducing a terrifying degree of intellectual conformism. In Moscow I met writers, journalists and academics quite freely and argued to my heart's content. In Peking, though I tried hard enough, nearly all were too busy to meet me, and the handful of officials detailed to supervise my stay clove so relentlessly to the party line that normal conversation became impossible and each meeting was a confrontation of opposing theses. No doubt it was safer for them, but it was very much duller for me! For I learnt nothing from human intercourse which I could not read in the admirable translation of the main editorials issued daily by the official news agency.

And what about Formosa and the off-shore islands? Of the intentions of China's rulers I am just as ignorant now as when I set out for Peking. But I have come back with the conviction that Chinese Communism is far the biggest and far the most formidable mass movement in human history. It is a movement which, during the next few months, may well subject the United States to its first major defeat and, within the next decade, transfer the centre of the world from Moscow to Peking.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Time for Explosion

THE Labour Party, which suspects the Prime Minister's repudiation of Mr Randolph Churchill's now famous article, has eagerly swallowed his repudiation of the autumn election rumour; and the resulting sighs of relief have raised balmy breezes in Smith Square and Scarborough. Six months ago, anyone forecasting a Tory victory at the next general election, whenever it came, could probably have got himself odds of about five to one in Mr Mikardo's book, but today, for an election this year, he would be very lucky to get evens.

Even in Labour's Gallup Poll heydey, there were some sinister portents. Though the Tory vote fell, Labour's vote did not increase. The more active workers in the constituencies were showing signs of cynicism. Was there much difference, they asked, between Labour policy and Tory policy? At the centre these grumblings were discounted. Had not both parties got their 'difficult' wings? Why should we worry about a few hot-heads who demand unilateral nuclear disarmament or more nationalisation? Hadn't the Tories just as much trouble with their lot who clamour for the sound of falling taxes and the strains of Land of Hope and Glory? The steady fall in attendances at public meetings and the signs, too obvious to be ignored, of the apathy, spreading like dust, over the general electorate continued but were blamed on television. The attraction of TV would soon diminish and, after all, the tide was flowing. No need to set our sails or even to let the auxiliary motor tick over.

Now, quite suddenly, the tide has begun to ebb; and as many members of the parliamentary party and of the National Executive angrily watch the shore recede, they are looking for some satisfying bottom to kick. Because he is the leader, Gaitskell's bottom seems the most satisfying. It is said of him that he lacks flair and feeling, that his TV personality, with a smile that comes from the lips and not from the eyes, is unpleasing, that he seldom associates with the rank-and-file MP in tea-room and smoke-room, but surrounds himself in the privacy of his room or the XYZ club with a few intellectuals, noted mainly for their fancy accents and arrogant manners. It is further said that his 'managerial' type of Socialism puts him more in tune with the Establishment than it does with the deep and sometimes unspoken urges of the trade union movement and the constituency parties.

Is the criticism of Gaitskell justified? Some of it, certainly, is not. In several senses, he is a calculator – about his own career, about managing divergent sections in the party, about electoral tactics – but that does not mean that he is so cold-blooded and so calculating that he cannot set people on fire. From my experience of him over the past 20 years I should judge him one of the most effective platform speakers in the country. As for his aloofness in the House, he now does regularly what no leader of either party has done before – he attends in turn the meetings of each parliamentary regional group and there, in an intimate atmosphere, he listens to the views and grouses of each section of the party. A more real and serious criticism is that on occasions, notably in the early stages of Suez, his first reactions have diverged sharply from what would have seemed a Socialist line – and his subsequent changes of view have left a feeling that his instincts are neither right nor deep.

But real blame for Labour's present malaise could be laid on him only if it could be shown that he was responsible for the cautious, don't-touch-it-in-case-it-explodes approach to the British electorate which has prevailed in the Labour Party during the past three years. This attitude has so lowered the political temperature that the ordinary elector neither knows nor cares what is going on. During a recent ten-day visit to my own constituency – which, I should judge, is more than ordinarily politically conscious – I spent something like eight hours a day in the streets with a loudspeaker, asking anyone who had problems, complaints or questions to tackle me there and then. During the whole of that tour I was never once asked a genuine political question and only twice saw signs of animation, once when I got into an argument about Johnnie Wardle and once when I was taken to inspect a plague of earwigs on a council estate.

In such an atmosphere, the uncommitted tend to put up with the party in power rather than trouble themselves with change. They are certainly more susceptible to trivial influences such as the fact that the Prime Minister, with the aid of a careful publicity campaign and some practice before a mirror for television purposes, has been able to present himself as a pleasant, sensible fellow instead of as the eye-rolling *poseur* of yesteryear. If Gaitskell is really to blame for all this, then the National Executive

An ounce of practice

is worth a pound of theory

Last year Stewarts and Lloyds manufactured 936,000 tons of steel tubes and exported £33,000,000 worth to customers in all parts of the world. In common with other companies in the steel industry, they have made ever-increasing strides in the post-war years in modernising plant, expanding capacity and increasing productivity.

Some political theorists advocate drastic reorganisation of this industry. Not because its efficiency is in doubt—its efficiency is freely admitted. Surely not for the sake of better labour relations; there have been no major strikes in the last half-century. If they are merely clinging to the old creed that because steel is basic it must be under public supervision, they should be reminded that this is already the case through the existence of the Iron and Steel Board.

The Iron and Steel Board has been appointed by and is directly responsible to the Government with the object of promoting the efficient, economic and adequate supply, under competitive conditions, of iron and steel products. It seldom makes the headlines for the very reason that it does its job quietly and effectively.

Steel and steel goods account for more than 50% of the country's total exports. There are clearly two main reasons for this substantial trade: healthy competition—not only with other countries but among the British manufacturers themselves—and the reputations that individual companies have established over the years with large overseas customers. This is the industry in which the private enterprise, publicly-owned companies, whose names are respected throughout the world, are faced with the threat of being engulfed in an all but nameless state monopoly. Would you, personally, do away with an organisation and practice, the success and efficiency of which is freely admitted, in favour of a theory born of text-book jargon?

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and the whole parliamentary party, who have let him get away with it, are to blame too.

But is Gaitskell to blame? In his drive for the leadership, he and those who sponsored him deliberately set out to break the left wing of the party as represented by the Bevanites. He did break them and by so doing he broke the only considerable group in the party which felt and stimulated the impetus for fundamental change. He himself had nothing dynamic to offer in its stead. This, the Gaitskell critics say, has caused the disillusionment and frustrations which many active party workers undoubtedly feel.

Other critics say that Labour is a middle-aged party, manned not only in parliament and on the National Executive, but in the constituency parties, by people whose aspirations and ways of thought are conditioned by their experiences in the Twenties and Thirties. Whether they are MPs or trade union leaders or local councillors or chairmen of ward committees, they see the great changes which have been brought about in their time and are content. Their urge for change has been satisfied and their reason for continued political activity is only a belief that they can run the present order of things better than their opponents. If this is true, Gaitskell cannot be blamed because he gives the leadership which a majority of the party, at least subconsciously, wants.

But equally, if it is true, the future of the party is in grave danger. It is a commonplace among complaints that the young are not joining us. So far we have blamed this on national service, on the social activities which the Tories can afford to offer, on skiffle and again, of course, on TV. But I find in my constituency that the young men and women who are going through the technical college or who have left grammar schools to go on to university are keeping away from us because they say we are obsessed with the contrast between what is and what was, whereas they themselves are interested in the contrast between what is and what could be. Their thinking has been conditioned by experience during the post-war years; they can see little in the Labour Party except controls, restrictions and rationing and they believe that in contrast the Tories offer a door to opportunity. Such people will certainly leave the party high in age level and dry of enthusiasm if in ourselves we have really lost the desire for change and are content merely to be the party of the 'outs' against the 'ins'. Unless there is an explosion of demand at Scarborough for something beyond the Welfare State, unless there is expressed excitement about the future, instead of complacent contemplation of the past, we shall confirm an impression that as a party we are satisfied and self-satisfied. By doing that we can ensure that we have no future.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Duce at Home

SHORTLY before the war I arrived in Rome. I was wearing a new suit made by a tailor in a tiny Italian village who had copied it from an old American magazine. It was quite smart, with huge shoulders, but it had suddenly begun to bristle with horsehair. I stayed in a small hotel and visited people to whom I had introductions. There was a marquesa from Brooklyn, someone in the Vatican, an aged essayist who was already beginning to attack the West, and a millionairess who appeared at dinner covered with old gold. It was at her house that I met two Poles. One was short and fat and the other tall and thin, both with busy diplomatic mouths and secrets in their eyes. The short one was called Stanislaus Oman and the other Fedor Prim. It was during coffee that the talk turned to films and both Stanislaus and Fedor discussed long shots and back projection. 'Are you working in films?' I asked the short Pole. The golden millionairess broke out in a laugh. 'Why,' she said, 'Don't you know? I thought everyone knew. These gentlemen have come here to make a film about the Duce.'

The next day I happened to meet them again in the street, and they invited me to have some coffee. We talked about films, and, since I urgently wanted to find some money, I mentioned that I had worked on films myself. 'Splendid,' said Fedor, 'in what capacity?' 'Scripts,' I said. In fact, this was only vaguely true. I had once been employed in the script department of a huge film studio where I had done nothing but feed a swan in an ornamental pool. 'Excellent,' agreed Stanislaus, 'good writers are welcomed here in Cinecitta. Perhaps you would care to accompany us when we visit the State Director of Cinematography this afternoon?' 'I should be delighted,' I said.

That afternoon I met them outside a large building patrolled by armed guards. We were formally searched by smiling police and then allowed to ascend in a magnificent lift to the Director's office. We knocked at the door and, when it opened, were passed by two detectives into a large, sumptuous room with a huge desk at the end of it. Behind it sat a large, powerful man with a hooked nose. He rose, smiling. He was dressed in some sort of smart white uniform with gold braid; it was difficult to say whether it was naval or military. We sat in elegant chairs and were given cigarettes. A moment later the door opened, and a very fat man in a light blue uniform, jangling spurs, entered the room, saluted the Director and placed some photographs on his desk, saluted again and left. The Director glanced at the photographs, and from where I was sitting I could see they were nudes. 'That is one of our leading directors,' he explained, putting the photographs away in a drawer.

The Poles' proposed film about the Duce dealt with his domestic life, wife, children and pets (dog, cat and canary) and was set in the kitchen, the garden, the bathroom, nursery and scullery. The Duce would appear in shirt sleeves, dressing-gown, old suit, move about with gardening gear, feed the canary or cat, water the flowers, play at toy trains with children, and one would even watch him eating spaghetti and drinking a tumbler of chianti. 'You will be glad to know that the Duce has approved of the idea,' said the State Director. 'He likes the simplicity of it, and the presentation of himself to his people as the simple, homely, family man he indeed is.' 'Exactly,' said Prim, 'it will lead to understanding among nations, and will help to remove the threat of war.' I felt that it was time to leave, as business would now be discussed. I rose and the State Director rose. 'You are in films?' he asked me. 'Mr Carson is very well known in the English film world,' said Prim, 'perhaps he might be useful to you.' 'I will bear it in mind,' said the Director, and I could see that he was staring at my coat with some intensity.

A week later I landed a job in the British Library. It was directed by a large woman with the face of a Roman Emperor, and her name was Mrs Wetherby. She had lived 20 years in Rome and gave enormous archaeological tea-parties. War or no war, she was as immovable as the Colosseum, and she would only leave Rome if every brick of the city went with her. I handed out volumes of *Rambles in the Campagna*, *A Paint Brush at the Villa d'Este*, Ruskin, and novels by Warwick Deeping and Dornford Yates. I also dusted copies of the *Illustrated London News*. On Fridays I went to the archaeological tea-parties, and since there was no more horsehair left in my suit I wore a thick black coat which had belonged to an old antiquarian who had suddenly died in Mrs Wetherby's house.

At these parties I met most of the people to whom I had been given introductions, the American marquesa, the Vatican official, the aged essayist and the millionairess. The last, who was a widow and had two daughters at Roedean, fearful of the fate of her money, had suddenly become much enamoured of the State Director of Cinematography. Mrs Wetherby shrugged her shoulders about this and poured a hundred cups of tea as a libation to the old gods who always, in Rome, whispered around the corner. Finally I came across the two Poles, Stanislaus Oman and Fedor Prim, and it was evident that everybody knew about their film, although discussion was polite and formal. Secretly, Roman society considered the Duce a rather outrageous joke, an idealisation of shop-keepers, and behind the closed doors of their palaces they roared with marble laughter.

I went on working at the British Library, and Rome was beginning to bulge with generals and admirals swooping through the streets in armoured cars, and the streets were thick with German tourists on coal-ticket exchange. They moved about with vouchers, gave no tips, and were unpopular. Some of my Italian friends wept, the easels and the folios abandoned, the Villa d'Este a plague of coal tickets, the factories smoking with death on instalment. The Gods had gone, the Virgins mourned and the marble laughter was still.

But Mrs Wetherby carried on with her tea-parties, and although the attendance was smaller, there was still tattle of Claudius and Michelangelo and poor Hadrian. And then one day the announcement was made. The film about the Duce had been completed. It would be exhibited to the élite of Rome by special invitation, and would be attended by members of all the armed forces. The film was entitled *The Duce at Home*. Naturally Mrs Wetherby was invited, and she insisted that I should go as well. 'As a member of the British Library,' she said. 'But I have no clothes to go in,' I said. 'That can be arranged,' she said, 'the late antiquary left some sort of evening suit.' She fetched it for me. It was green, and had a label which stated that it was made in Buenos Aires in 1890. 'Very distinguished and oddly Roman,' said Mrs Wetherby.

The night arrived, and when we reached the theatre there was a sea of people, police, photographers and a blinding glitter of uniforms and medals and jewels. A whisper was going round that the Pope would arrive, but Mrs Wetherby put this down to hysteria or Communist agitators. We went into the theatre and found our seats, waved to acquaintances and the amplifiers boomed with *Giovennezza*. Suddenly there was a sort of hurricane of escaping breath and everybody turned, and there at the back, on a sort of dais, was the Duce. Then the lights were lowered and the film began. *The Duce at Home*, directed and photographed by Stanislaus Oman and Fedor Prim.

It opened with a long shot of Mussolini walking

down the street carrying a briefcase. He might have been a business man returning from a conference. He arrived at his door, where he was greeted by his wife. 'It has been a tiring day,' said the sound-track. His wife took his hat and briefcase, and later we saw the Duce in shirt sleeves walking into the garden and mowing the lawn. 'Nature gives relaxation,' said the sound-track. A dog arrived, and he patted it and gave it a biscuit. Then he patted a child on the head and played with the cat. 'A lover of animals,' said the sound-track, and then, when the Duce entered the kitchen and sat down, the sound-track made some remark about the inner man. It was when he actually began eating spaghetti that the first giggle spiralled into the air, and it joined another giggle, and then there were giggles weaving into each other all over the theatre, and these formed a trickle of laughter, and then a gurgle of laughter and then a huge waterfall of laughter. I was surprised to see Mrs Wetherby sobbing helplessly into her handkerchief. Suddenly the film stopped, the lights went on, and there was a long agony of utter silence. No one dared to look behind him, and in the same burden of silence everyone trooped out of the theatre and into the street.

A few weeks later I returned to England and tried to pick up the strands of a disconnected life, severed when I had left London for a week-end in Paris which had lasted three years. One day, glancing at an evening paper, I saw a small news item. 'Poles shot near Italian frontier,' it said, and continued: 'Two Poles were shot trying to cross from the Italian frontier yesterday. They were said to be carrying films of secret plans stolen from the Ministry of War in Rome, and were named as British secret agents.'

But it might have been two other Poles.

ANTHONY CARSON

The Arts and Entertainment

Here Be Cannibals

FOR Mr Tennessee Williams the world is a place in which we become aware of others only in so far as they stimulate our awareness of ourselves; there can be no intimacy, for intimacy is the act of awarding identity to another, and we tolerate the world only as an extension of ourselves, like children. There is no love, there is use, an endless feeding of the emotions without risk or involvement; other people simply satisfy an appetite, the world is a restaurant, 'Here', in short, 'be cannibals'.

Suddenly Last Summer (in the double-bill, *Garden District*, at the Arts) is the story of Sebastian, who ate and was eaten. For years, Sebastian and his mother had gormandised in the cities of the world, she had fed on him and he had fed on boys. But one day by the sea-side a crowd of scavenging beggar lads had ganged up and eaten *him* – literally – and so he died. On this last occasion he had not gone with his mother, he had gone with a girl, and the girl had discovered his mutilated body and it had unhinged her. Back home, in the Deep South, with the fat green shrubs making the air as fulsome as the inside of a cook-shop, the mother sits in her garden longing for the girl to be silenced. A doctor must cut this terrible story out of her brain, he must do a leucotomy, and the girl is brought so that he can pronounce her mad.

But the doctor must test the girl, he must hear the story (and so must the audience). He puts her into a hypnotic trance, and she tells in proliferant detail the character of Sebastian and how he died – this is the heart of the play – and she is not mad. 'I think we ought at least to consider,' says the doctor in the last line, 'the possibility that the girl is telling the truth.'

We must also consider how much it matters. Have we not been more intrigued by the exact nature of the awful things Sebastian has done and the terrible thing that happened to him in the end (for the information, the denouement, is brought near and staved off as often and as coquettishly as in a detective story) than in Sebastian himself or his mother or their relationship or anyone else? I think we have. The possibility of sensation, a relish for what may be revealed more than an interest in those concerned in the revelation, has compelled attention, and this means the play is primarily an anecdote, a melodrama.

Primarily, but not wholly, for Mr Williams is a good deal more precise without at all being less imaginative than he has been in other plays; in *Camino Real* there was a sort of avant-garde mysteriousness, a highbrow finger-on-nose, I-would-an-if-I-could obscurity which was unable to disguise the fact that the author didn't know what the hell it was all about; and this woolly nodding and becking persists to a lesser degree in other plays. But in *Suddenly Last Summer* the explicitness of the plot is matched – at least in the second half of the piece – by the succinctness of the author's vision of a cannibal world.

SHELL

COUNTY GUIDES

Edited by John Betjeman

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In other plays, plot and 'meaning' have seemed separate, it is as if the author had them in mind as two images which, by clever focusing, he hoped to make into one. But here, wherever a secondary significance can be heard over the noise of the plot, it is as an aspect of the same thing, not an additional item. This mitigates the melodrama, and the actors – notably Miss Patricia Neal as the girl and Miss Beatrix Lehmann as the mother – act with a high, convincing seriousness.

But Mr Williams is a doggedly minor artist, unable to distinguish between the usual and the odd. We *know* the world is no cannibal isle, and he does not, for he has found cannibalism – or its equivalent – in odd corners and assumes it to be universal. His attitude to this world? Regret, but also fascination; for, on the map he draws for us, the words 'Here be cannibals' read as much like an invitation to the feast as a warning.

Just as *Something Unspoken* (the first of the two plays) has established that the bigger and noisier of the two ladies is really the weaker, and her whingeing secretary (impersonated by Miss Beatrix Lehmann dressed as Marley's Ghost) the stronger, down comes the curtain and we are done. Did a person from Porlock call?

At the Westminster, the musical of *Playboy of the Western World* is at its best when the play is showing through: at other times cast and authors seem conscious that the Irish are a saleable commodity. Of the cast, Miss Maureen Toal (a member of the chorus) and Messrs Peter Dix and Dermot Kelly, obey the pantomime conventions of the musical, but least submit to them.

ROBERT ROBINSON

Composer and Interpreter

AMONGST recent records there are no fewer than three versions of the Schumann Piano Concerto, and by a happy chance two of them are good. I say this because the Schumann Concerto is one of those great works which have had the misfortune to elicit a tradition of performance that is all feeling and no form. The main lines of the music are nearly always blurred, and the problem that presents itself to any mature interpreter is to achieve continuity without neglecting beauty of detail, or alternatively to take in a thousand nuances but never lose sight of the whole. The new recordings by Clara Haskil and Hans Richter-Haaser, both on Philips, seem to exemplify these different approaches. He is inclined to dwell, she courses ahead; one would like from him a more impassioned progress at times, from her the luxury of a moment's ease and breathing space; but both of them come so near to giving satisfaction in this difficult work that they may be wholeheartedly recommended.

That is by no means the case with the third recording, issued by Decca with Wilhelm Kempff as soloist. Here there are certainly poetic moments, but the performance as a whole lacks the discipline and the attentive ear of the others. The wonderful cadenza to the first movement is spoiled by erratic timing and muddy detail, and the theme of the finale – perfectly played by Richter-Haaser – is entirely ruined by stony accents; both here and elsewhere Kempff appears to take Schumann's pessimistically over-indicated score too literally. The orchestral share in these performances is excellent both in the Haskil and Kempff versions, rather characterless in the Richter-Haaser. Recording: good in all three.

Further problems arise in playing Bach, for it is not enough to reconcile the passing moment and the ground plan of the whole work or movement; one must also understand the intentions of a musical notation that was far less explicit than our own. Every scholar knows what is involved, but only a great musician, and one particularly attuned to the spirit of the early eighteenth century, could succeed as Wanda Landowska has done in evolving such a rounded and consistent view of Bach that she can move through his works with absolute freedom and give an account of them that is grand and exciting. Her latest record to be issued over here is called *The Art of the Harpsichord* (RCA), and it contains the C minor *Partita*, the C minor *Fantasia*, the *Capriccio on the Departure of his Beloved Brother*, and a very fine *Passacaglia* by J. K. F. Fischer. All these (with the possible exception of the *Capriccio*, which begins a little heavily) are given superb performances, and no matter what daring ingredients are added to the printed page – chords in the Allemande and an inner part at one point in the Sarabande of the *Partita* – the effect is convincing.

Another distinguished record is that of Shostakovitch's Piano Quintet, played by the composer and the Beethoven Quartet on Parlophone-Odeon. Here we have an example of a contemporary 'blueprint' that should surely present no such difficulties as Bach or Mozart; and yet the composer's treatment of it makes the other available version – by the scrupulous Quintetto Chigiano – sound like a different work altogether. In point of fact, the score itself contains some curious indications. The first movement, for instance, is marked *Lento*, 72 crotchets to the minute, yet one has only to consult a metronome to find that '72 crotchets' makes this a very athletic *Lento* indeed: as played by Shostakovitch, it is *fiery* and athletic; as played by the Quintetto Chigiano, really *Lento* and ignoring the '72', it is grandiose and organ-like. To put the matter briefly, Shostakovitch either sticks to the metronome and belies his general indication, as in the movement just mentioned, or else he takes the music considerably slower or considerably faster than his own marking – slower in the fugue, faster in the *Scherzo* and the finale; and in these last two movements the speed increases as the musical patterns grow in excitement, so that before very long the performance whirls along at a pace no outsider would dare to infer from the score. That is one, rather disconcerting, aspect, though the result is undoubtedly more vital than a 'faithful' reading would ever be; the other derives from the fact that Shostakovitch is one of those rare composers nowadays who are able to realise their own works from the first conception to the final stage of performance. Not only does he draw large relationships where others are apt to get entangled in small ones; he also illuminates many passages in the most striking way, and nowhere more beautifully than at the opening of the last movement, where his timing and delicacy are quite inimitable. The recording, too, is distinctly better than that of most Russian issues.

Philips have now brought out the second volume of their enterprising 'Mozart Organ Tour' in which Mozart's seventeen Church Sonatas are extremely well played by the Camerata Academica of Salzburg with Bernhard Paumgartner conducting and E. Power Biggs as organist, and finely recorded in the Cathedral itself. The sonatas are all of them in one movement, and since they were played as part of the High Mass they are naturally very short – three or four minutes each at the outside. Most are for strings only, with the organ filling in from a figured bass; but two or three have a large orchestra, and two or three others a solo part for the organ that is written out. It would be quite misleading to suggest that any of these Sonatas are masterpieces; nevertheless there are sudden inspired passages that

no genuine Mozartian will be willing to miss.

The reverse side of Volume 2 contains four works of Mozart's last period: the Fantasia in F minor, K.594, an *Adagio*, K.580a, which resembles the *Ave Verum*, the Prelude and Fugue in C minor, K.546, and another *Adagio*, K.356, which Bruno Hoffmann has twice played over here on the glass harmonica for which it was composed. None of the four pieces was actually written for the organ, but they all sound impressive in this medium, and a further advantage is the fact that E. Power Biggs has recorded each work on a different instrument once played by Mozart himself; indeed one of them, K.546, is heard on two organs – the Prelude in Ulm Cathedral, with its momentous echo, and the Fugue more clearly in the Pfarrkirche in Augsburg; and between them the bells of Ulm Cathedral, a pleasant, unexpected and perhaps unrehearsed interlude.

WILLIAM GLOCK

Denmark Street Crusaders

ALL of us have been horrified and shamed by the race-riots, but – so far as I know – only one group of unorganised citizens has been spontaneously moved to take collective action about them: the men and women from the worlds of jazz and pop music. Hardly had the troubles started when almost forty of them issued an appeal against colour-prejudice, published it as a leaflet (thanks to the generosity of one band-leader) and distributed it around Notting Hill. The list of sponsors is an impressive one to all who know the field of jazz and popular entertainment. It contains such band-leaders as Johnny Dankworth, Humphrey Lyttelton, Chris Barber, Ted Heath, Mick Mulligan and Ken Colyer, a remarkable collection of famous pop singers such as Tommy Steele, Frankie Vaughan, David Whitfield, Lonnie Donegan, comedians from the Goons, business men and others. Several further stars of popular entertainment have since associated themselves with this appeal. There may be two opinions about the artistic achievements of some of the signatories, but not about their dignity and sense of citizenship. When the history of the Nottingham and Notting Hill troubles comes to be written, it will be recorded that the good name of Britain was visibly safer in the hands of Tommy Steele, than in those of Lord Camrose's *Daily Telegraph*.

It is a pleasure to report that the signatories propose to continue their good work on a more permanent basis. It has now been decided to set up a 'Stars' Campaign for Interracial Friendship', and an informal committee has already held one or two meetings under the chairmanship of Mr Dankworth. Among other things, the campaign hopes to do a certain amount of educational work – perhaps by 'personal letters' from the stars to their fans in fan club magazines, to help in organising 'guest appearances' of stars at local associations and community clubs, perhaps to organise or sponsor 'friendship' shows, concerts, dances or parties, and the like. It also proposes to watch out for cases of discrimination, for public utterances derogatory or hurtful to any race, and in general to do what it can to encourage civilised behaviour in these matters.

The popular entertainers are aware that their position is peculiar. The young hooligans who made Notting Hill unsafe are much more likely to hear, or listen to, Frankie Vaughan and Dickie Valentine than they are to read the NEW STATESMAN or the *Observer*, or to be influenced by Tommy Steele than by the TUC. But inter-racial friendship is the business of all who are engaged in any kind of communication with the public, from the classical arts to journalism and broadcasting, and the 'Stars' Campaign' is anxious to recruit people from all these fields. That it has so far drawn mainly on the worlds of Tin Pan Alley and jazz, and on those who have connections and friendships in that world, is – so the campaigners hope – a purely temporary phenomenon. Certainly the campaign would welcome support and help from any writer, artist, musician, anyone in films, radio or television, journalism or publicity, and money – naturally – from anyone. Donations should be sent to the Treasurer, Stars' Campaign for Interracial Friendship, 4 Denmark St, WC2.

The musical side of the jazz world has been rather less interesting. Jazz at Carnegie Hall, whose tour has just finished, was an ill-assorted group of modernists who can hardly even be said to have played together, in spite of the heroic efforts of Kenny Clarke to unite them with his remarkable – and in this instance self-effacing – drumming. Lee Konitz (alto) appeared to live in a dream, communicating nothing to his fellow-players or to the audience, except an occasional ghost of a phrase; least of all any reason for his high reputation. Phineas Newborn, a pianist of the utmost technical brilliance, was clearly unhappy in company; but – on his present form – it is doubtful whether even as a soloist he has much swing. J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding played their trombones dazzlingly, but blew little into those horns except air. There is no doubt that Johnson can play the trombone technically better than Jack Teagarden; but Teagarden at least makes it sound like a trombone and puts some soul into it. Zoot Sims (tenor) blew as though he meant it; but the stage only came alive when the rhythm section played with Red Garland, a light-weight boxer now turned into a ravishing pianist. For a short period we heard plain jazz: the players even smiled at one another. But on the whole Jazz at Carnegie Hall is not a concert that will live in the memory.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Strange Success

IT'S odd, in the flow of films through London, to remark the few that stick. *Around the World in 80 Days*, black-framed at the Astoria, comes first. But how many could name our second longest run?

To discover it one must join that grim pilgrimage along Oxford Street which goes seeking a window sign and nosing a bargain. Dazed by shoe palaces, called to Butlin by a singing grandmother, one discovers at last HM Stationery Office, and next to it *Street of Shame*. When this programme at Cinephone first dawned on the trudging multitudes, *Isle of Levant* headed the bill; now it takes second place; *Street of Shame* has moved up, and is the popular draw. After six months it's still there. I should like to believe that this had nothing to do with a fatuous title slapped on, that true merit will always come to the top; for this is an unusually good and honest film, in fact the only good and honest film about prostitution I have ever seen. Surprisingly – in the setting of its present success – it is Japanese.

The idiocy of the title is swept away with the very first shot: this is a film about a be-gauded subject entirely lacking glamour or sensation; it deals with business, with politics, with a way of life in a struggling world that has its own corruptions and ironies, and perhaps more than its share of tragedy. In the brothel, run by a proprietor and

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two ladies of his family, are ten girls, varying in age from 17 to 50, and in nature from the Westernised baby-doll to a mother trembling for her son's esteem. They get into debt, squat drinking tea, plunge in a communal bath, receive a client or news or a family visit from outside, and at night stand at doorways on the garish alley, ready to dart out and grapple with a man, snatch his hat, he being (it seems) in no way incommoded by this melodramatic accost. He lets himself be made prisoner, or saunters on. There is an odd formality about this, as about our own addiction to weird sports, but the human being beneath the face is very soon evident in all the people who come under our eye, prostitutes, clients, tradesmen, police, politicians. It is a strange division in Japanese films that cleaves them sharply into two kinds, of classic cruelty and modern pity. Pity perhaps isn't the word, unless one thinks of an understanding such as Chekhov's, but more grimly imbued with reality. These 'girls' in a Yoshiwara street, bored, stifled, hard-worked, yet better off than they would be outside, dream of departure as do Chekhov's three sisters; one actually makes the break – and trails back; another, suffering from her son's contempt, goes mad. The only one who really escapes is a woman nicknamed Shylock, who after successfully robbing a client goes to start her own cloth-selling business. The film ends with a new girl, little more than a child, peeping terrified round the door at the street's arena which sooner or later she must enter. The lights glare, the lanterns sway, the cat-music wails on. This is the first film of Kenji Mizoguchi, I believe, we have seen; he is one of the oldest of and most honoured of Japanese directors; and in considering Japan's film-making of which we still know so little, it should never be forgotten that they are the biggest film-producers in the world, far exceeding the output of Hollywood.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Premier Danseur

THERE are male dancers who appear to have muscles that work with an individual vitality, and to express the gestures of the body in detail, with the greatest sensibility. Those men who can only make a movement with their limbs as a whole are of a very different calibre, for this characteristic is inclined to emphasise the weightiness inherent in their physique. Serge Golovine, *premier danseur* of the de Cuevas Ballet at the Coliseum, is one of the few first-class *premiers danseurs* in the world today, and he possesses this muscular animation to an extraordinary degree. He does not dance with the rather feminine softness of line, as does our best English dancer, John Gilpin; nor does he heave himself into strong attitudes, as do the Russian classical dancers. His movement is poised and controlled, with a *ballon*, or elasticity of spring, that is unmatched. When he jumps he rises high and somewhat gently, like a large bird, sinking to the ground at the same speed, and with the same reserve of power. But when he *pirouettes*, or beats his feet in a *cabriole*, there is no slowness, but a sharp shuttling back and forth, like the working of a fast, unerring machine.

In Serge Lifar's new ballet, *L'Amour et son Destin*, Golovine is not shown at his best because there is too little dancing. When required to run through a gamut of emotions, love, fear, sorrow, and so on, he gets by adequately; but his partner, Nina Vyroubova, manages such feelings beautifully, with a tingling vehemence. Their *pas de deux* at the beginning of the ballet was entrancing, being one of the most lovely pieces of choreography I have seen by Lifar. The rest of the ballet consisted of soul-searching before the deep distances of a Wakhevitch decor. Tchaikovsky's music, made up from the Symphonie Pathétique, seemed natural to dance to; but it made a slushy basis for this theme of Man struggling Manfully with his Destined Destiny.

The company is generally dancing in a much more united manner now, and why the theatre is not overflowing with the Covent Garden ballet audiences, enjoying a change of air, I cannot understand. Alas, we have no male dancer to touch Golovine, while Vyroubova in the Royal Ballet would seem overwhelming, with her sense of poetry and her aristocratic lustre.

ANNABEL FARJEON

Correspondence

NUCLEAR CAMPAIGN

SIR,—On the morning when Sir Stephen King-Hall's letter appeared in the NEW STATESMAN decrying the efforts of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, the newspapers were reporting the Liberal Party's decision, by a large majority, that Britain should cease the independent manufacture of nuclear weapons. The Labour Party is facing similar demands which may be equally decisive. Even the Conservative Party, including members of the government, are not immune from the contagion of common sense. How King-Hall can possibly say that there have been no practical results from the past eight months' work? Russia, America and Britain have agreed to suspend H-bomb tests. (True, they are completing their 1958 series.) Perhaps Sir Stephen thinks that public opinion had no influence on that decision?

For one whose objects the Campaign is helping to serve, Sir Stephen is singularly ill-informed about its policies, its activities and the nature of its support. One can only assume that he has not read our policy statements, our leaflets and pamphlets nor attended any of our meetings. It is categorically untrue that our line (or our support) is merely moral or pacifist. Our literature concentrates almost exclusively on the political and practical case for nuclear disarmament. A pamphlet on the moral argument, intended for the churches and necessary to rebut the bishops, has not yet appeared. For our meetings, we have always insisted that the platforms should embrace the political, military, scientific and moral arguments. As for the pacifists, the irony is that the militant pacifists, like the Communists and our-government-right-or-wrong Tories, are against us. They think that we have sold the pass by conducting the realistic campaign which Sir Stephen says we do not.

This much I grant—the experience of the first phase of our campaign showed that, towards the end, we were speaking to the converted. Those unanimous resolutions did not impress me; I should have liked to see far more reasoned dissent in the discussions. I certainly should want to get the case against us—political, military and moral, argued on our platforms—by those who sincerely question our premises. In this way, we should broaden not only our platforms but our audiences.

The other thing of which I am convinced is that there is a limit to which you can frighten people by the nuclear danger. You can drive them back into the dark caves of their emotions; what is so often regarded as apathy is the *fear of being afraid*; when people say 'I don't know', they really mean 'I am afraid to know'. So we must lay far more emphasis on the positive and political side – the benefits which atomic energy can confer, if only we can escape from the insensate follies of nuclear (and other) armaments. Militarily, moreover, we must be prepared to argue the case with admirals and generals and air marshals on their own ground and on our own platforms. No doubt, as Sir Stephen says, many agree in private. We should get the others to disagree in public, and in circumstances, in which we can demonstrate the inescapable logic of our case. We are arranging such

debates. I am, frankly, less concerned about the intransigence of our opponents than about the egocentricity of our friends. We are all supposed to be in the same boat, but some row faster than others.

RITCHIE CALDER

Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament
146 Fleet Street, EC4

SIR,—Sir Stephen King-Hall rightly points out that the Nuclear Disarmament Campaign 'will not make the necessary impact on the non-pacifist electors' if it ignores 'what we can call the realistic reasons for a change of policy'. But is Sir Stephen himself sufficiently realistic?

The fundamental question that the non-pacifist elector asks himself is: 'How can we prevent or meet aggression if nuclear arms are renounced?' Campaigners haven't much of an answer to this question. They may make the irrelevant reply that the use of nuclear weapons cannot be defensive, since they will destroy us even more effectively than they will destroy the enemy. This is true, but it does not meet the argument that the enemy may be deterred by the threat of retaliation, and that if we renounce our nuclear weapons, while he keeps his, we shall be at his mercy.

We may reply more sensibly by saying that the threat of aggression is non-existent, or vastly exaggerated, but the question cannot be dismissed in this way, if only because most of our countrymen refuse to believe that large-scale aggression is impossible.

We may reply that we would refuse to meet aggression by force. The pacifist argument that nothing can be worse than war had to be rejected in face of Nazi devilry, but that does not prove it to be wrong today. Nuclear warfare is the worst material evil that can befall us. If we make this answer, however, we must be clear that we are agreeing to submit to the enemy. A lot of humbug is talked about non-violent resistance. We are told that activities such as the Aldermaston march, which would not last two minutes if unprotected by the force behind the law, are examples of effective non-violence. We are told that non-violence forced the British out of India, though the Mahatma made no such claim. Even if by some miracle the nation adopted the true Gandhian 'non-violence of the strong', which treats death as a friend, this could not prevail against a ruthless enemy prepared to deport or exterminate whole populations.

We may reply that we would use force to repel aggression, but that we draw the line at the use of weapons of mass destruction. This reply is no better than the pacifist's. In total war the side holding the strongest weapons will win if it is prepared to use them. Admittedly if both sides employ nuclear weapons neither can gain a victory that will afford any satisfaction, but each can make his enemy's plight practically as bad as his own. If the enemy alone has nuclear weapons, then the odds in his favour are infinite, and submission to him can be the only result.

The correct reply to the question is that we may secure ourselves against aggression by the use of two methods. First, we must resolve to eliminate all sources of provocation. The nature of the modern world is such that, quite apart from the introduction of nuclear weapons, military aggression has lost its old attraction. A nation will resort to arms only if it feels itself to be suffering intolerable provocation, or if it fears that a potential enemy may strike first. We must, therefore, use every means of creating international confidence. Security will not come through fear, but only through the growth of trust between the nations.

Secondly, we must strengthen the United Nations Organisation by creating an international system of law and order that will command universal respect. Insurance against the development of war from minor aggression—that is, from an eruption that appears to the world as comparatively unimportant, but to each party concerned as aggression by the other—can best be provided by the establishment of world authority in control of nuclear weapons. Such a World Guard—consisting of a World Equity Tribunal and a World Police Force—can come into existence only through agreement between the two hydrogen giants. The period in which we find ourselves—that of a balance of power between them which is unstable and cannot last indefinitely—should be used for the creation of this overriding world authority. Only when it is established will the nations begin to feel themselves secure, and come to regard their own armaments as an intolerable burden.

S. W. GREEN

43 Wulfstan Way
Cambridge

SIR,—There is so much truth in Stephen King-Hall's criticisms of the nuclear campaign that it would be folly for well-wishers to ignore it. I believe he underestimates the impact upon public opinion made by the campaign; it has done more than anything or anyone to make British people aware of the problem. But it is not offering a constructive alternative to nuclear weapons as a solution. It is not the 'moral and pacifist' element but the negative character of the campaign upon which King-Hall ought rightly to put his finger of blame.

If we want to get the support of a political party which might have the responsibility of government, then the propaganda emphasis should shift and we should propound a sensible British defence policy which fits modern physical facts.

My experience at public campaign meetings is that people respond to an attempt to show a better non-nuclear defence policy for Britain. There are parts of King-Hall's own proposals which I cannot accept but basically he is right. And I believe that a majority of electors could be persuaded that everything that has happened in the Middle and Far East emphasises the urgency of that new policy. There is a deep yearning today among British men and women for a new national initiative, a renaissance, on the part of our country in world affairs. Indeed, one handicap of the campaign is that some people construe it as a step towards defeatism. We could so easily satisfy this legitimate yearning and yet base our policy upon the highest internationalist principles. As Dr Pauling said at the Central Hall, real self-interest now marches with idealism.

FRANK BESWICK

House of Commons

UNIVERSITY BLUES

SIR,—I am sorry that the Master of Trinity Hall has taken Mr Wedderburn's article as a personal attack upon the probity of himself and his colleagues, because it seemed to me that Mr Wedderburn was making a social observation of some importance. Oxford and Cambridge are élite universities: they are the first choice of most able boys who try for a place in a university, the majority of whom receive some support from public funds. As such they are bound to be objects of political inquiry and national concern. Mr Wedderburn admitted that there were many indisputable reasons why the percentage of public school boys should be so high in proportion to the total sixth form population in the country. But he also noted that the percentage at Cambridge (56 per cent.) in 1955 was markedly higher than at Oxford (44 per cent.) and that other figures suggested that the time had come when admission procedures ought to be reviewed in the interest of the university. I think he has made his case.

The Master seems from his letter to think that it is not a matter of concern if few grammar school boys present themselves for admission. I do. Anything which suggests that the grammar schools are dissatisfied with admissions procedure should be examined. If, after perusal of headmasters' reports, examination results, interviews and any other tests which are fair to boys from both types of school, the public school boys prove themselves the better, then I (and I think Mr Wedderburn) would fully agree that they should without question, under the present system, be given the available places.

N. G. ANNAN

King's College, Cambridge

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SIR,—The Master of Trinity Hall should not, I think, be surprised that I did not, in my article, explain the Oxbridge student statistics by the 'simple' fact that 'the number of applicants from public schools is more numerous . . . than the number of applicants from other schools'. Since the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge were understandably unable to give the 1955 *Inquiry* details about applicants rejected, we do not know what the total figures are. But his impression, though it cannot be proved, may be correct that relatively few grammar school boys are sent even to try for entrance at Cambridge (many people believe that more try at Oxford). But, if this is true, it restates rather than solves the problem. It ought, surely, to cause Cambridge colleges to consider whether they could not take steps to produce, at the same, or even higher, academic standard, a more healthily balanced student body. Sir Ivor Jennings explains the position by saying that public schools are 'familiar with Cambridge standards and help us enormously in our selection'. What is obviously needed, then, is the construction of a similarly intimate relationship with other types of school.

It is pointless to reduce a social and institutional problem to the level of personal 'bias'. Those who interview for admission perform their difficult task with scrupulous care and fairness between man and man. But they operate within the context of a school system which gives to one class group a huge educational advantage; and the connections between public schools and colleges add to that advantage an easier access to Oxbridge. That factor is certainly not 'irrelevant' to the admissions problem. If two boys have reasonably equivalent records, it may demand great perspicacity, courage, even rashness, to take the immature man from an unknown grammar school rather than the well-turned-out product of a public school well known to the college.

Certainly, it is a disservice to Oxford and Cambridge to pretend that the figures disclose no problem. If the Labour Party lacks the will to reform a school system with such extravagant class preferences, it must realise that Oxbridge cannot fail to reflect that system in some degree. But that does not absolve us from the duty to do all that can be done to prevent its colleges being, or appearing to be, the preserves of public school men. We can, surely, admit that such a system presents us with a delicate social problem in our admissions, and do whatever we can to make our student composition rather less curious than it now appears to any outside observer. I myself would wish us to do what we can now, rather than wait for someone else to try to do it to us later.

K. WEDDERBURN

Clare College, Cambridge

SIR,—A more charming Harrovian than Trevor Lloyd one could hardly hope to meet, but his gradualism is so gradual that it almost goes backwards. Suppose we had left the rich as rich as they were while the poor had their standards raised. . . . This is not what we would call Socialism, yet he suggests it for education.

When we say it is 'easier' for the middle-class child to go to Oxbridge we mean two things. One is that proportionately many more middle-class than working-class boys and girls get in. The other is that they get in because their education is both better and Oxbridge-directed. We are not willing to wait until the cows come home to bring the class-division caused by this to an end, and we believe that the entry of the establishment children into the state system would be followed very shortly by the dramatic improvement of the state schools. This in itself would help to eliminate the enormous waste of talent caused partly by the awful state of the schools in so many areas.

God knows, dozens (but not all) of Oxbridge tutors lean over backwards to give the working-class boy a chance, but the enormous concentration of scarce resources on the fee-paying children defeats their good intentions. As the Master of Trinity Hall says, many more middle-class children apply for the enormously subsidised advantages of Oxbridge, and they are usually better qualified to get in.

The question is, how long is this situation to last? Until Mr Lloyd's children or grandchildren have used the private road to public subsidy, and gone on to the best jobs and the prestige? I want a free and equal society now, not for my great-grandchildren.

JOHN VAIZEY

19 Beaumont Street
Oxford

SIR,—I wonder if those who have been writing on entrance to 'Oxbridge' suppose that all other undergraduates are nursing a sorrow at having to take second-best. Though I, too, used to have the standard wish to go up to 'Oxbridge', now, having recently graduated, I can say how thankful I am to have entered Bristol. The way of living at 'Oxbridge' is, I suppose, appropriate to, as much as it is the result of, those who have a public-school education and income, but it is in keeping with the whole manner of my life, both before and after university, that while an undergraduate I was part of a rich commercial city and lived my own life in lodgings and flats. The college system fills me with amazement and claustrophobia.

As Bristolians are mostly the first generation in their families to enter a university it is possible for us to develop together our own standards of adult society, and are saved the sudden and perhaps artificial acquisition of the standards and manners of a society long established. We escape many of the tensions and difficulties of our friends at 'Oxbridge'.

The reality may be very different from my notion of 'Oxbridge', but I enjoy without envy of others the individuality and possibilities of life at Bristol.

WENDY FUNNELL

Carlton Road, South Godstone

BOND IN NEW YORK

SIR,—Mr J. C. Furnas had a good subject in 'Limey Howlers' in your American literature issue, and, since he is critical of English writers 'From Dickens to Evelyn Waugh', it was complimentary of him to devote more than a third of his article to the 'thronging howlers' in my own *Live And Let Die*. But he should have read the book more carefully and he should brush up on his own American lifemanship.

The co-hero, Felix Leiter, is an agent, not of the FBI, but of the CIA and, as such, his American vocabulary has been continentalised. James Bond, in ordering his breakfast at the St Regis, orders it, as would any other Englishman, in English and not in American, and I cannot see why he should not order three scrambled eggs instead of the regulation two if he wants them, nor why he should not stipulate Espresso coffee if he has a low opinion, which he has, of the usual thin American brew.

Mr Furnas is particularly annoyed at Bond having 'flat beef hamburgers' for lunch in the St Regis. He thinks this dish is beneath the St Regis and he doubts the description. On his next visit to an even snazzier eaterie, namely the '21' ('All you can eat for only $200') he will find that the '21' hamburger can be ordered either in a rough ovoid, or flat, the flattened version avoiding the kernel of raw meat in the centre of the ovoid.

Incidentally, my meticulous publisher in America, Mr Al Hart of the Macmillan Company, who ruthlessly edited the American edition (published in 1955 and not, as Mr Furnas says, last year) insisted on actually devouring a 'flat beef hamburger' before passing the proofs.

Mr Furnas considers 'charging fees for correcting detail for British writers'. He should put the thought aside.

IAN FLEMING

16 Victoria Square, SW1

GBS TO ROMAIN ROLLAND

SIR,—I am sorry to learn from Mme Rolland, the widow of Romain Rolland, that I made a slip in my remarks about an exhibit in the French pavilion at the Brussels Exhibition (10 May). I quoted a manuscript letter from GBS to (I thought) Giraudoux which formed part of that exhibit. I am glad to stand corrected by Mme Rolland, who has pointed out that the letter was to her husband, and I offer her my regrets.

GERALD BARRY

THE COLOUR PROBLEM

SIR,—Mr Norman Manley, in the course of his wise comments upon the recent deplorable racial outbursts in Britain, advised West Indians resident here to seek to join in the political and social life of this country.

It is of the utmost importance that a new immigrant should take full advantage of his opportunities for political association and expression. The newcomer to this country, however, often feels that he has special problems and that membership of the usual local political association may not be enough by itself to help him to meet them.

I should like, therefore, to call the attention of immigrants from overseas to the British-Asian and Overseas Socialist Fellowship which exists to enable all who are in sympathy with the Labour and Socialist movement to meet one another and discuss current problems and policies.

Particulars of the Fellowship's activities can be obtained through local Labour parties or direct from the Fellowship's secretary at Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

KENNETH YOUNGER

British-Asian and Overseas Socialist Fellowship

SIR,—The recent racial disturbances have made widely known the terrible social and physical conditions that exist in some parts of London. It should be emphasised that people of all races are living in such conditions that there are many whole families that have the use of only one room for all purposes.

In your last issue, Dr Kenneth Little referred to the value of housing associations in meeting the needs of migrants. For this reason, our Asso-

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FRENCH SOCIALISM

SIR,—Your Paris Correspondent's article 'Mollet's Rump' needs qualifying. It is true that some members of the new Socialist Party founded by Edouard Depreux belonged to what your correspondent calls Léon Blum's 'old guard'. But most of them are ex-partisans of Guy Mollet, who helped him in 1946 to become General Secretary of the SFIO, and who have now left him because of his repeated betrayals. Moreover, there are a good many 'under thirties' in the new party; those, like myself, who are in their forties, and who were regarded as youngsters in the SFIO, stand out as rather elderly by comparison.

I should also add that the new party, a week after its formation, is already the second largest political group in the Seine department, and that it has been joined by many who left the SFIO in recent years or who had never belonged to it. Our adherence to the ideals of Léon Blum is by no means the nostalgia of his 'old guard'; it represents, perhaps, the revival of French Socialism.

LE JACOB

Palaiseau, Seine-et-Oise

[We have translated this letter from Professor le Jacob.—ED., *NS.*]

WALTER SICKERT

SIR,—The centenary of the birth of Walter Richard Sickert falls due on 31 May 1960. I am hoping to publish on that occasion a book made up in part of Sickert's letters and in part of first-hand recollections by people who were connected with him in one way or another. This project has the approval and support both of Sickert's inheritrix, Miss Catherine Powell, and of his executor, Sir Alec Martin. I should be most grateful if anyone who would like to contribute to the book would communicate with me, care of Messrs. John Murray, 50 Albemarle Street, London, W1. Any letters or other documents would be treated with great care and returned as soon as possible.

JOHN RUSSELL

AMERICAN LITERARY EXILES

SIR,—I should like to take issue with your correspondent G. Lichtenstein over his article of 6 September on the American literary exiles. In a reference to William Gardner Smith, whose *The Last of the Conquerors* he justly describes as a 'moving, powerful first novel', Mr. Lichtenstein goes on to say: 'His subsequent books appear to have been written out of another exigency—How to Survive in Paris: one writes to be published and to sell; literary merit and statement be damned!' Even if proven, what kind of literary canon is this? Shakespeare wrote for money or its equivalent: patronage. So did Balzac and hundreds of others. The motive for which a book is written has no relevance to its stature as a work of art. And there is no particular crime in striving 'to survive in Paris'—a difficult enough feat for an artist in all conscience.

But to say that there has been no progress between *The Last of the Conquerors*, the work of a raw, wounded young Negro of 19, painfully made aware of racial injustice, and *South Street*, Smith's brilliantly panoramic last novel, betrays a lack of perceptivity on the part of the critic.

Smith, at 31, has not yet reached artistic maturity, and *South Street*, the chequered story of a Negro's marriage with a white woman musician, against the picturesque and often violent setting of downtown Philadelphia, is by no means a perfect novel. It is easy to point out the pretentious 'culture' passages, shallow philosophical digressions and discomfiting doses of sentimentality. Yet in spite of its blemishes, the broad canvas of the book, vividly pricked out with such unforgettable creations as the Blues Singer and the eccentric newsvendor, reflects a talent moving steadily towards fruition.

In *South Street*, Smith displays a prodigious command of dialogue and an increasing capacity for economy in characterisation. Most promising of all, although he is still preoccupied with the colour problem, it is clear that he has personally shuffled off the cocoon of racial inhibition to discover himself neither superior, nor inferior, but a peer among men of other colours and denominations.

BEATRICE M. WORTHING

31 rue de Seine,
Paris, 6e.

BUS TICKET ART

SIR,—Having read John Berger's criticism of the Venice Biennale I would like tentatively to try to defend what appears to be the kind of work exhibited there. I have myself been concerned in Johannesburg with making pictures out of bus tickets, etc., for the last six years and received much the same kind of treatment as John Berger is handing out.

Firstly—oil paint, water colour, etc., are initiative media and have nothing to do with art itself—they are, in my opinion, useful if the artist has something in front of him to paint, but not necessarily the best media if the artist is looking inwards to his imagination and ideas bringing in elements of philosophy and psychology—John Berger refers to responsibility: the responsibility of the artist lies in what he does honestly, what comes to him to do and not in a pleasing compromise. John Berger refers to the value of human exchanges—he must not confuse the value of a work of art with that of a motor car. If someone says something to me which enriches me mentally, I do not give him a cheque for £1,000, although in real value it may be worth millions. John Berger uses the term pathological. If the creative artists of today or, if you like, destructive artists, for it is exactly the same thing, are to be called pathological cases, isn't it even more pathological to attempt to apply an outdated set of values and rules of composition, etc., to something that needs to be approached from entirely new angles. Its values lie in just those things that John Berger despises—ideas, imagination, provincialism, personality, signatures and, if art is to be called non-art—non-art.

After this tirade against the artists who are obviously in touch with the period in which they live we are treated to this kind of pathetic art school criticism and praise of one of the so-called realists from John Berger. 'The drawing of the shoulder on the right is too literal and too tame to support the hand holding the pot against the torso.'

CHARLES ARGENT

Department of Fine Arts
University of the Witwatersrand
Johannesberg

REX WHISTLER

SIR,—I am writing the life of my brother Rex Whistler for an illustrated book, and shall be grateful to any owners of letters, drawings or paintings who will get in touch with me, and for any personal recollections of special interest.

LAURENCE WHISTLER

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RELIGION
brought into the home by regular Sunday religious services and by regular religious programmes.

ART
explained to the public by Sir Kenneth Clark in A.T.V.'s monthly illustrated talks.

NEWSCASTERS
such as Robin Day, Ian Trethowan, Huw Thomas. (The B.B.C. does not use newscasters at all but news-readers, i.e. announcers in vision reading bulletins prepared by a central news department.)

POLITICS
being frankly discussed by the Chief Whips of the Conservative and Labour Parties and the Leader of the Liberal Party in candid debates on such topics as Public Apathy, Poor Representation, Party Discipline, etc.

THE METHOD
as revealed in A.T.V.'s one-hour-forty-five-minute programme with Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, Wendy Hiller, Orson Welles and Lee Strasberg from New York.

NEWS
of local events as broadcast by A.T.V. in the Midlands.

FESTIVALS
like A.T.V.'s International Celebrity Festival with Yehudi Menuhin, Eileen Joyce, Dame Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes, the Ukrainian State Cossack Company, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent.

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with their up-to-date news of what's in the shops, their popular cartoon characters and their cheerful "jingles".

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EDUCATION
in the schools by means of TV Programmes, introduced by A.T.V.'s fellow programme company Associated-Rediffusion.

TV TIMES
with its circulation of nearly 3,000,000 copies.

MEDICINE
from the inside as shown twice weekly in A.T.V.'s "Emergency-Ward 10"—or heard the vital issue of the Polio Campaign or the grave Problem of Abortion, debated by medical, legal and religious leaders.

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Such as A.T.V.'s "Waters of the Moon", "The Innocents", "Time Remembered", "The Grass Harp", "Winterset", and "The Living Room". A-R's "Venus Observed". A.B.C.'s "Night Must Fall".

and awaited so eagerly

LAURENCE OLIVIER

who on November 19th, 1958 together with Pamela Brown and Irene Worth, makes his world TV debut for A.T.V. in Ibsen's

JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN

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Ireland and Its Troubles

PALE September sunshine fell softly on the 18th century Dublin square where I met my contact. We walked briskly and circuitously to check whether we were being followed, found we were – a Dublin Special Branch detective is no less conspicuous than his counterparts in London, Lisbon or Baghdad – and escaped by leaping on a bus. Then to an anonymous house in a suburb; a brief handshake with a taciturn, bespectacled young man, who drove me across Dublin to another anonymous suburban house; and finally I was left alone in a bare room pervaded with the greasy smell of Irish cooking. The door opened and a powerful, crew cut unsmiling man announced: 'I am J. McGarrity. You may ask me what questions you wish'. This name is a formula used to cover all IRA announcements. I do not know the real name of the gentleman I interviewed or his position in the organisation, though I surmise he is a senior, if not the senior, executive. At all events, his views were depressingly typical of the Republican activists. 'Our object,' he told me, 'is to expel the British occupation forces from Northern Ireland. Peaceful means having been tried and failed, we are forced to use others. Apart from the ruling circles in Belfast, we have the support of the entire Irish nation. Our programme does not go beyond ending occupation. What form the government of a united Ireland will take is not for us, but for the people of Ireland to decide. We believe we are succeeding in our task and we will continue until it is complete.'

McGarrity's heroics look a little different from the Royal Ulster Constabulary post at Middletown on the border. A week before, an IRA unit had set up a machine gun on the Eire side of the little stone bridge which forms the border itself, and under cover of darkness fired a burst at the post. The only people in any danger were the sergeant's wife, who lives on the post, and her two children, whom she places in the bath whenever she hears shots. The object of the operation was to lure the RUC constables into a booby trap placed at the approach to the bridge. It failed – the IRA have tried that one too often before – and the raiders retreated into Eire. Three Eire Civic Guards, concealed in a cottage not 50 yards away, claimed they heard nothing, and expressed eloquent astonishment next morning.

This futile – though potentially very nasty – little incident is characteristic of the IRA's pathetic failure to measure up to their grandiose ambitions. At the start of the present campaign in December 1956, they enjoyed some tactical successes; indeed, it was even possible to discern elements of a strategic plan to slice off the southern portion of the county of Fermanagh. But the military effectiveness of the organisation was smashed in the first few weeks; virtually all its leaders and most of its trained personnel were interned by the two governments, and any semblance of a sustained offensive has disappeared.

How has this come about? Part of the explanation lies in the efficiency of the RUC. With 3,700 full-time members, and able to draw upon over 11,000 Special Constables for patrol and search duties, it is a formidable force. Modern telecommunications, including five-channel transmitters issued to all posts, and a new system of mobile platoons enable it to strike fast and hard. From its Belfast headquarters, its commander, Sir Richard Pim, directs the affair like a large-scale military operation, leaping and trumpeting around a huge map dotted with coloured pins, much as he did during the war when he ran Churchill's map-room. His men have virtually limitless powers of arrest and search, and they do not hesitate to shoot first in border areas.

A second factor is the attitude of the Eire government. Under the unstable Costello coalition, the IRA was allowed to recruit, arm and train in Eire; unwilling to jeopardise his government by offending Nationalist sentiment, Costello confined himself to pious exhortations and the normal machinery of the courts. Since his return to power, however, de Valera has not scrupled to use emergency powers very similar to those enjoyed in Ulster. More than 200 IRA 'suspects' have been rounded up and interned in the Curragh camp; others are under sentence in Mountjoy Prison, Dublin; and the few IRA leaders who remain at large have to take elaborate precautions to avoid arrest. The Belfast authorities naturally complain that de Valera could go further. They argue, for instance, that Liam Kelly's gang, which operates in two of the Six Counties, is still a legal organisation; they also demand the suppression of the *United Irishman*, the IRA 'front' paper, which has a circulation of 140,000. Eire still refuses to back Ulster warrants, and the Civic Guards – unlike the Special Branch – show little inclination to try conclusions with raiders escaping into Eire. For a police force which, with two or three possible exceptions, has scrupulously refrained from exercising the 'right of pursuit', such lack of co-operation can be infuriating. But senior officers admit privately that they are both surprised and gratified by de Valera's crack-down on the IRA.

That de Valera has felt able to take the steps he has is itself a reflection of the third, and most important, factor in the failure of the IRA: the decline of militant nationalist opinion. The IRA still commands about 700 active followers, of whom 100 form a full-time, paid hard-core. Young men, particularly from the distressed areas of the south and west, are still attracted by its historic glamour. Wealthy American-Irish are still willing to repay emotional debts by subscribing to the tune of $10,000 a month; and a steady trickle of Thompson sub-machine guns flows in from the US to join the rifles and gelignite looted from barracks and quarries.

What the IRA has totally failed to do, on both sides of the border, is to evoke active mass support. So long as Costello prevaricated, Eire opinion tended to give the IRA the benefit of the doubt. But since de Valera got off the fence, most Irishmen have swung decisively against the raiders. This attitude is even more marked north of the border, where the Catholic Nationalists have far more cause to detest the Stormont regime. Both Cardinal D'Alton, on behalf of the Church, and the majority of the Nationalist MPs have, in varying degrees, condemned the movement, and the Nationalist rank-and-file have followed suit. The RUC does not expect, still less receive, active assistance from the people – whether Catholic or Protestant – in the border counties; but, except in rare cases, the IRA are not getting it either. They are thus forced to conduct their operations from the Eire side of the border; and the fact that the RUC have recently discovered a number of dugouts indicates that the raiders can no longer obtain sanctuary in local houses.

Indeed, it is their growing desperation which now constitutes the chief danger. There is general astonishment in Ulster that, despite nearly two years of raids, they have not provoked a single case of sectarian violence. Some border districts are still tense, but in Belfast, which was once the scene of anti-Catholic pogroms, the IRA has totally failed to raise a flicker of popular emotion. This religious concord, under trying conditions, is rightly regarded as evidence of Ulster's growing political maturity; but it is still a tender plant. The authorities fear that the IRA, despairing of success against military posts, may turn to easier targets: a bomb in a Belfast bus, for example, or sabotage in the Belfast shipyards, leading to unemployment. Such an act could evoke violent Protestant reprisals and a consequent revival of IRA popularity.

With any luck, however, an explosion will be avoided; if it is, most observers agree the campaign will gradually peter out, though for the moment there is no sign of a drop in the number of incidents. But the problem which makes the IRA possible remains: this problem is not, as most Nationalists will try to persuade you, partition itself, but rather its consequences – the systematic relegation of the Ulster Catholic minority

Ulster Graffiti

Illustration by the Author

to the position of second-class citizens. Ireland must and will remain divided – at least for many decades; but the pain of division can be dulled, if not removed, when and if the rulers of Ulster demolish the political slum they have created.

The charges Nationalists level at the Stormont regime are often exaggerated but they have a sound basis. In one sense, for example, it is true that Ulster is a police state. The 11,000 Special Constables – a relic of the days when Ulster literally had to fight for its existence – today form a political standing army, recruited almost exclusively from professed Unionist militants. All are issued with rifles, and many with automatic weapons, which they are instructed to keep in their homes. They are particularly active at election times, obstructing and threatening Nationalists.

What is more serious, from the point of view of civil liberties, is that they enjoy all the powers conferred on the RUC by the emergency regulations. These powers abrogate all the principles of British criminal law. The police can search houses, cars and persons without warrant. They can detain, again without warrant, on suspicion. Suspects are committed for trial where the evidence is adequate; where evidence is lacking, they can be detained indefinitely on a mere ministerial order. A writ of *habeas corpus* may not be served. It is true that prisoners can appeal to an Advisory Committee; but its members – a QC and two laymen – are appointed by the Minister of Home Affairs, it sits *in camera*, and the prisoner is not entitled to legal representation.

The suspension of the established law inevitably breeds contempt for other democratic practices. My investigations on both sides of the border have satisfied me that the basic allegation made by the IRA – that the RUC regularly torture prisoners to obtain confessions – is unfounded. No doubt most IRA men really believe this, and some have been agreeably surprised to find it untrue when taken into custody. On the other hand, I am convinced that the RUC often employ an undue degree of violence in handling prisoners; that they sometimes threaten to use torture to extract statements; and that, on one or two occasions, they may have used it.

What is more – as the Mallon and Talbot case proved beyond reasonable doubt – prisoners are regularly subjected to prolonged interrogation by relays of detectives. A senior RUC officer admitted as much to me and confessed that there was an inherent conflict between the Judges' Rules and their duties under the emergency powers. The RUC, indeed, take the accusations made against them very seriously, and I suspect that since public opinion, largely through the efforts of this journal, was alerted over the Mallon-Talbot case, strict instructions against violence have been sent out from headquarters.

The other ills of Ulster are not so easily cured. One third of the population has never – at any rate publicly – accepted partition, and for more than a generation the Stormont regime has effectively prevented this minority from obtaining a voice in the affairs of the province. Faced with charges of gerrymandering, the regime points smugly to the results of the elections to Westminster and the Stormont House of Commons. At the last Stormont election, in March, the Nationalists returned 11 members out of a total of 52 – a not unfair proportion, granted the bias against minority parties of a single-member, single-vote system. Yes – but of course where the province votes as a whole, gerrymandering is unnecessary, for the two-thirds Protestant majority will always ensure Unionist control. It is mainly in local elections, above all in those areas – Tyrone and Fermanagh – where the Catholics are in a majority, that boundaries are gerrymandered.

The system has been described in impressive detail in Mr Frank Gallaher's *Indivisible Island*. Here I will only quote a few examples:

	Nationalist Percentage	Nationalist Seats	Unionist Seats
Armagh	57.2	8	12
Enniskillen	55.8	7	14
Omagh	62	9	12

Local electoral boundaries were gerrymandered in 1923, but the Unionists keep constant watch to keep the system effective – especially since the Nationalist minority is growing both absolutely and relatively. In 1946, when the Labour government abolished the property qualification for local elections, Stormont passed special legislation to retain it for Ulster. Owners of businesses can thus command up to six votes, while a large section of the Nationalist minority (Protestants hold over 90 per cent. of property in Ulster) is disenfranchised. In Belfast, for example, 81,000 citizens – the overwhelming majority of them Catholics – cannot vote for the council, despite the fact that over 40 per cent. of its expenditure is financed from general taxation.

Nor is this all. In order to confine Catholics to their electoral ghettos, Unionist-controlled councils pursue a deliberately political housing policy. Until the end of the war they built few houses; since, they have carefully allocated houses to Protestant tenants, except where estates fall within the boundary of a Catholic ward. In Enniskillen, for example, out of 188 houses built on six estates, Nationalists got 21, Unionists 167. This is the usual pattern. In Derry City, on the other hand, which again has a Catholic majority, the problem of overcrowding in Catholic areas grew so intense that the Unionist-controlled council decided to build a 1,300-house estate largely for Nationalists. The gerrymander in Derry concentrates the bulk of the Catholic population in the South ward, leaving small Unionist majorities in the other two wards, North and Waterside. The obvious place to put the new estate—as I saw for myself—was in Waterside, where basic services were already available. Instead, it was put on the top of the hill, which lies within South ward – thus swelling the Nationalist majority in South, but leaving Unionist majorities in North and Waterside, and with them control of the council, intact.

Derry is no doubt a particularly bad example, but it must be seen against a background of systematic religious discrimination which extends to every department of life in the province. It is particularly marked in public appointments, as the following analysis (1951) of clerical and higher posts controlled by county councils shows:

	Nationalist Percentage	Total Posts	Held by Nationalists
Antrim	22	97	4
Armagh	46.5	50	3
Derry	43.1	52	4
Down	30.1	78	7
Fermanagh	55.4	34	3
Tyrone	55.3	66	6

The Unionists, of course, claim that they do not discriminate since they do not ask the religion of applicants. The fact is all applicants must supply the name of their school and this immediately gives the game away. Lapsed Catholics, to their fury, find the going just as hard as the faithful!

Will the regime last indefinitely? Most people in Belfast would say yes. Although any real danger of secession has long since passed, two things keep Unionism alive: religion and unemployment. Church attendance is still around the 50 per cent. mark, and unemployment – which gives discrimination its savage edge – is a good five points above the UK average. Ulster has never known full employment and this, paradoxically, keeps the Tories in power. But change is on the way. Even in Ulster the tide of faith is receding, uncovering the sands of tolerance. The Welfare State, higher living standards, television are gradually bringing with them the political apathy characteristic of modern English society. In the border areas, above all in the two Nationalist-majority counties, it is still war to the knife; but in the Belfast conurbation, where half the population lives, the old slogans are wearing thin. The new factory and housing estates, built under the industrial development scheme, are shuffling the religious cards in the pack: Ulster voters are beginning to behave like rational animals.

The new mood has found concrete expression in the emergence of the Labour Party, which won four seats last March, and now, for the first time in Ulster's history, constitutes a loyal opposition. In the past Labour has been bedevilled by partition; but since 1949, when it split on the issue, the branch affiliated to Transport House, which accepts division as permanent, has made steady inroads into the Unionist monolith. At Unionist headquarters, the machine-men – the sharp-faced Brian Faulkner, the Chief Whip, and the rotund, puce-complexioned William Douglas, the party secretary – sneer at Labour's rise and told me they hoped to see it wiped out at the next election. But the Deputy-Premier, Terence O'Neill, told me he expected it to win eight seats. Indeed, moderate Unionists welcome the rise of Labour and they have found a vigorous spokesman in Jack Sayers, editor of the *Belfast Telegraph*. In a bigoted community Sayers takes considerable risks in campaigning against discrimination, but he is meeting with a

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by John O'Donoghue

(author of IN A QUIET LAND)

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growing response from educated opinion on both sides of the border.

But Ulster's future is bound to be influenced by events in the South, by the viability and character of the independent Irish state. What keeps Ireland divided is not the ruthlessness of Stormont, still less the 'British occupation'; it is the sheer unattractiveness of the alternative. Most people in Ulster – and this includes a growing section of the Catholic minority – simply do not want to be ruled by Dublin, and for convincing practical reasons. While unemployment and emigration figures are high in Ulster, as in Eire, the population of the Six Counties has increased from 1,257,000 to 1,396,000 in the period 1926-56, while in the Republic it fell from 2,972,000 to 2,895,000. Moreover, part of this drop can be explained by the drift northwards.

In the north, the standard of living is appreciably higher and the gap is widening. In wage-rates, public health, social insurance, unemployment benefits, housing, above all in education, the north has far more to offer. It is not true to say, as some Unionist apologists argue, that Eire is industrially stagnant. In the past four years, the Eire Industrial Development Authority has induced foreign interests to set up 30 factories in the Republic and plans for 18 more are complete. But its success cannot be compared with similar development schemes in the north, which have been operating for far longer and which include a highly successful policy of speculative factory building by the government.

By February this year, 84 new firms had been established, providing nearly 30,000 new jobs – not much short of Ulster's total unemployment. Moreover, Ulster has been unable to indulge in de Valera's high tariff policy, which has acted as a sharp brake on rising living standards within the Republic. Whereas, less than a decade ago, Eire seemed a land of plenty to rationed Ulstermen, any comparisons now favour the north. Eire, for instance, has to subsidise her butter exports to the north, so that a pound of Eire butter costs 2s in Belfast and 4s in Dublin. Hence the traffic in smuggled butter is now reversed.

Eire's failure to create a viable economy is reflected by the political malaise in Dublin. The two main political parties, de Valera's Fianna Fail and Costello's Fine Gael, owe their separate identities not to any ideological or policy difference but to events which took place in the 1920s. Unable to create a vision of the future, Irish politics remain fiercely enmeshed in the past. Costello accuses de Valera of having, over the years, created a Tammany Hall machine, supplying jobs for the boys as the price of electoral support; and it is true that, mechanically, Fianna Fail is organised in much the same way as the Unionist Party. But de Valera's supporters can reply that at least he has the negative merit of being willing to stand up to the IRA and even, on occasions, to the Church. Naturally, political argument on this level holds no attraction for the younger generation, which is moving steadily away from politics. Indeed, the only positive policy to which both the parties are committed is one which is completely impossible to implement: establishing Gaelic as the national language.

With an educational system which one Eire Cabinet minister has described as 'the worst in northern Europe', with classes often running to 60 or even 70, ludicrous experiments of this nature are the last thing the Republic can afford. Yet the fact is that in about 80 per cent. of the primary schools small children are taught their lessons in a language which to most of them is gibberish; and it is significant that the Church, which in matters which seem important to it has a shrewd sense of realities, has successfully insisted that Catechism be taught in English. The Gaelic madness has now been extended to other spheres: the Defence Minister recently decreed that knowledge of Gaelic will be a major factor in army appointments and he has since made two senior promotions on this ground.

Indeed, it sometimes seems as if the men who run the Republic are above all anxious to insulate it from reality; that if it were physically possible de Valera would tow the island into mid-Atlantic to slumber in peace. Coming from Belfast where, despite Orange grumblings, a fanatically pro-Nationalist play, *The Bonefire*, was recently given public presentation, the contrast in Dublin was all the more striking when, on opening the *Irish Times*, I read the latest list of books banned by the Censorship of Publications Board. They included novels by Zola, Nigel Balchin, Louis Bromfield, Elliott Paul and Richard Llewellyn – who went to join the honourable ranks of Graham Green, Hemingway, George Orwell and most of the other important literary figures of our time, who are already on the list. (Not so long ago the Board banned a novel, written under a pen-name by the editor of a Catholic newspaper; and the director of a film now being made in Dublin is working from a script which had to be smuggled into the country.) Curiously enough, moral prurience does not extend to *The Teen-Age Frankenstein*, which is currently entertaining young Dubliners; and when a group of teachers recently protested to the censor, who – believe it or not – rejoices in the name of Liam O h-Ora, he replied that he could only ban films on grounds of 'obscenity, sex-distortion and blasphemy'.

Behind this xenophobia lies the brooding authority of the Church. It has successfully prevented the emergence of the Welfare State. It presents an insuperable barrier to the radical reform of the education system. With its doctrinal insistence on private enterprise, it inhibits the growth of a Labour party. Like the Unionist bosses, it has a vested interest in the maintenance of partition. But so, of course, have the traditionalist politicians: for it is a portmanteau excuse for failure. Indeed, in a very real sense, partition has become a psychological crutch for the Irish nation. In Dublin, the popular papers, deprived of sex as a stimulus to sales, build up their circulations by a masochistic contemplation of past grievances – endless memoirs on the heroes of the Troubles, tear-stained articles exalting the gunman.

A few young, thoughtful men are endeavouring to break away from the paralysis created by this fixation. In a now celebrated essay, first published last year in the Jesuit paper *Studies*, Mr Donal Barrington urged the abandonment by Eire of any attempt to coerce Ulster and its replacement 'with policies designed to reduce tension and to create an atmosphere in which a unity of wills can grow. . . . The best way for us to prove that we would respect the wishes of the northern Protestants inside a united Ireland is by respecting their wishes as long as they want to remain outside it'. Similar views were expressed in August at the Catholic Social Studies conference.

Among moderates in Ulster, these moves are being watched with passionate interest, and for the first time there is a real meeting of minds across the border. For the moment, it is confined to young intellectuals – lawyers, journalists, teachers – and it can acquire momentum only when it receives the patronage of some established political figure. Is it too much to ask of de Valera, before he finally leaves the scene, to take the first, decisive step? All that he would have to do would be to ask the Dail to pass a formal resolution recognising the legality of partition.

From my inquiries I am convinced that this would elicit a worth-while response from the north: not in the direction of reunification, but in the far more important task of restoring the democratic rights of the Six County minority. I believe there is already an overwhelming case for the following immediate measures: the abandonment of the property qualification in local elections; a redistribution of local government and parliamentary electoral boundaries; a reduction in the effectives of the Special Constabulary, and the withdrawal of their right to carry arms or exercise powers conferred under the emergency regulations; and the creation of a permanent mixed commission to supervise public appointments.

These steps, taken in conjunction with the Dail resolution, would finally destroy the sense of grievance on which the IRA thrives, and make possible the repeal of the emergency legislation. Further than this I do not think Stormont can be expected to go; for hatred bred over generations cannot be legislated out of existence. It may take decades for discrimination to disappear entirely. But after all, its dynamic is the insecurity bred by Eire's intransigence; when this is removed, tolerance will find natural roots, and the past – Ireland's greatest, indeed her only, enemy – will recede.

Recently, a visitor to the US pavilion at the Brussels Fair discovered an electronic machine which gave the most important historical event, in five languages, for every year from 4 BC to 1958. Being an Ulsterman, he asked for '1690 in English'. He expected the machine to reply 'The Battle of the Boyne'. Instead it produced a slip of paper on which was written: 'The Essay Concerning Human Understanding, by John Locke, appeared'.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Homer of Herefordshire

By the mid-sixteenth century two new worlds had been discovered and claimed, an old by Portugal, a new by Spain. It was a revolution.

The two poor, barren lands of the Peninsula were suddenly gorged with wealth from the mines of America and the trading-profits of the East. With that wealth their kings – the Catholic king in Madrid, the Grocer-king in Lisbon – could equip fleets and armies, sustain imperial policies, launch armadas and preach crusades. In 1580, when the two kings became one, the armadas seemed invincible, the crusades irresistible.

To men of the other oceanic nations all this was naturally galling. Excluded from the new wealth, they found themselves victims of the new policy which it fed. They saw the great carracks from the East, laden deep with pepper and spices, coming into Lisbon and Antwerp. They saw the great galleons from the West pouring their annual deluge of silver into Seville. They heard the tales which Spanish and Portuguese sailors brought back, read accounts of those marvellous voyages, sometimes penetrated into those forbidden regions and returned, after torture and prison, the galleys and the lash, still goggle-eyed with greed. Why should they, as Protestants, respect the lavish, casual awards of the Roman Antichrist? Those vast coastlines could never be guarded. The natives of the East, the settlers in the West, were eager to trade with all comers, so why should they not come? There was room for all. So argued in turn French Huguenots, English Protestants, Dutch Calvinists. They were good arguments at all times, though peace-loving governments and established European merchants might hesitate to accept them. They were particularly good in England after 1580, when peace seemed no longer compatible with safety or honour, when European trade was in decay, when the French Huguenots had fallen out and the Dutch Calvinists had not yet come in, and when the whole weight of resistance to Spain and Rome fell, for a decade, on England.

For in the 1580s all arguments converged on America. First there were the treasure-hunters, out for loot. Then there were the bullionists, to whom mines were the sole source of wealth and greatness. 'Why are we so poor?' they asked, and answered monotonously, 'because we have no mines. Therefore let us capture not the ships but the mines of others'. Then there were the social-reformers, eager to dump the 'sturdy beggars' of over-populated England in distant 'plantations', and the economists, seeking a 'vent' for unsaleable commodities. And finally, there were the statesmen who thought of England's security, the security of European Protestantism, never so threatened as in those crowded years. How, they asked, could the universal empire of Spain be stayed, the gospel of Christ, so newly restored, be established and preserved? Only by cutting off King Philip from his Indies, the source of that wealth which alone made him formidable. Without them he would be once again the poor king of a barren land.

Such were the arguments which men of all professions exchanged in Elizabethan London. It was a small city, a small society, like modern clubland, each known to all. There were statesmen like Leicester and Walsingham, merchants like Michael Lok or Customer Smyth, explorers like Cavendish or Newbery, scientists like Hariot and Warner, universal patrons like Sidney and Ralegh. At the periphery were English merchants in Spain, half-Catholic, half-spies, and the Flemish cartographers, Ortelius and Mercator, bound, like the Italians, to work now for foreign nations. And at the centre there were lawyers and clergymen, like the two Richard Hakluyts, those Herefordshire cousins, the propagandists of that great alliance. Their propaganda began in the elder cousin's city chambers: it ended with that great series, the younger Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques,* and *Discoveries of the English Nation**, and its continuation by his disciple, *Hakluytus Posthumus or Purchas his Pilgrimes.*

Of the genesis of that great work, the younger Hakluyt has himself told us in his dedication to Sir Francis Walsingham of its first volume. 'I do remember,' he wrote,

> that being a youth, and one of her Majesty's scholars at Westminster, that fruitful nursery, it was my hap to visit the chamber of Mr Richard Hakluyt, my cousin, a gentleman of the Middle Temple, well known unto you, at a time when I found lying open upon his board certain books of cosmography, with an universal map. He seeing me somewhat curious in the view thereof, began to instruct my ignorance.

After a lesson in geography, the boy's cousin and guardian took him to the Bible and showed him the Psalmist's words

> that they which go down to the sea in ships, they see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. Which words of the Prophet, together with my cousin's discourse (things of high and rare delight to my young nature) took in me so deep an impression, that I constantly resolved, if I were ever preferred to the university . . . I would by God's assistance prosecute that knowledge and kind of literature, the doors whereof (in a sort) were so happily opened before me.

To the elder Hakluyt, brought up in a merchant's house in time of peace, exploration meant, predominantly, Eastern voyages. To revive the drooping cloth-trade, he would seek out Oriental dyes, Oriental markets. He would send a dyer to Persia to discover secret colours, compile rules for English factors in Turkey, and consult Mercator about the North-East Passage. But his young cousin was of a later generation: that generation whom every problem, economic, political or religious, led westwards, to war against Spain. And so, at Oxford, as undergraduate, 'student' and censor of Christ Church, while he read eagerly of all voyages, particularly in the great collection of the Venetian Ramusio, he thought most constantly on that universal solution: colonies in the West. In the winter of 1579-80, while Drake was on his way round the world, Hakluyt was drafting a scheme for seizing the Straits of Magellan, with a way-station in Brazil, to command the route to Peru. Next year he was commissioning a translation of Cartier's *Voyages to Canada.* In 1582 he was helping Sir Humfrey Gilbert, whom he nearly accompanied on his famous last voyage, and dedicating to his college friend, Sir Philip Sidney, his first collection of English voyages. Two years later, urged on by Gilbert's half-brother and successor, Sir Walter Ralegh, he would write his most important original work and present it personally (together with a treatise on Aristotle) to the Queen. It was the *Discourse of Western Planting,* and the Queen rewarded him, appropriately, with the reversion of a canonry in Bristol, the city of Hawkins, the capital of Western trade.

In history, the *Discourse* is the most significant of Hakluyt's writings. It was the programme of a party – the party of Ralegh and the 'Virginians': the men who looked westward not merely for privateering and plunder, not merely to discover mines or discharge superfluous population, not even merely 'to annoy the king of Spain', but also, and chiefly, to create new wealth by colonies of settlement and industry. When Hakluyt and Ralegh were dead, many desperate, piratical ventures would be inspired by their names and writings. Slavers, privateers and treasure-hunters would all claim to be their successors. They were the fathers of that insistent, variable pressure-group in English history, 'the West Indian Interest'. But they were also more than this, for they had another, better doctrine. 'Fools,' wrote Hakluyt, 'for the swarming of beggars, allege that the realm is too populous.' But this is not so. 'Solomon saith that the honour and strength of a prince consisteth in the multitude of the people'; and the problem of government is not merely to get rid of 'the offals of the people', nor to scoop unearned wealth, but to create industry, employment, demand. It is through industry, not piracy, that England can prevail alike over Spain, popery and poverty. If England, by Western colonisation, can multiply the 'things to go out wrought and to come in unwrought, there need not one poor creature to steal, to starve or to beg, as now they do'. The message of Ralegh and Hakluyt is the message not of Pym or Cromwell (though both fed on their myth) but of Bacon and the great mercantilists: 'Moil not too much underground, for the hope of mines is very uncertain': 'work' and 'carriage' are 'the best mines above ground in the world'.

But if Hakluyt's ideas are expressed in the *Discourse,* his fame rests elsewhere. The *Discourse* was a counsel of state, secretly given to the Queen and Walsingham: even the Earl of Leicester was refused a copy. It showed how the maritime energy of England should be used. But meanwhile that energy must be aroused, and that required not secret advice but public exhortation. Already, in 1582, with his *Divers Voyages,* Hakluyt had begun his campaign of publicity. Next year he received a new stimulus: he went to Paris as chaplain to the new ambassador, Sir Edward Stafford. It was a great opportunity. Not only did the ambassadress prove a new

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* *Richard Hakluyt: Voyages and Documents.* Selected by JANET HAMPDEN. *Oxford.* 8s. 6d.

patron: he also learned at first hand about the French voyages to Canada, the brief Huguenot colony in Florida. Moreover, Don Antonio, the Portuguese pretender, was there, with a court of Portuguese cartographers and pilots. Hakluyt found himself in a cosmographical salon. Even the ambassadress's ten-year-old son was bitten, as the young Hakluyt had once been. Ever since he could conceive of anything, he afterwards wrote, he had been 'delighted with the discoveries of navigation'. This boy was Robert Dudley, the brilliant, disowned son of the Earl of Leicester. Perhaps it was through Hakluyt that he afterwards went to Christ Church and became, in exile, as Duca di Nortumbria, a prince among cosmographers. Nevertheless, with all these opportunities, one thing pained Hakluyt in Paris. 'There,' he wrote, 'I both heard in speech and read in books other nations miraculously extolled for their discoveries and notable enterprises by sea, but the English, of all others, for their sluggish security . . . either ignominiously reported or exceedingly condemned.' This reproach Hakluyt resolved to wipe away. He would be the English Ramusio, the chronicler of his countrymen's voyages. At the same time his history would be propaganda. He would inspire Englishmen to serve Ralegh and the Queen in the great design of Western Planting.

Such was the origin of Hakluyt's great work. He did not write it, he only compiled it, from numerous sources, literate and illiterate, books and broadsheets, pilots and chaplains, merchants and seamen. Back in England, in his Suffolk living, the gift of the ambassadress, or in his canonry at Westminster, the gift of the Queen, he collected, translated, edited. He looked not only westward now: he took all navigation for his province; as well he might, for he was married, and Robert Dudley was married, to Cavendish girls, cousin and sister of their Suffolk neighbour, the circumnavigator of the globe. Besides, since the Armada, the unanimity of the Westerners was dissolving. Peace, European trade and the East Indies were again in sight. Lancaster's voyages in the 1590s, the East India Company in 1600, the peace with Spain in 1604, all pointed away from America. They pointed, some thought, disastrously away. In his last sixteen years Hakluyt's papers piled up unprinted, Ralegh languished in the Tower, Robert Dudley fled to Italy and would create for the more grateful Duke of Tuscany his two finest monuments: the new port of Leghorn, and that fabulous work of cartography, *dell' Arcano del Mare*, the Secret of the Sea.

And yet in the end Hakluyt triumphed. In the next generation it was he and Ralegh who made the pace. The great migration of the 1630s (and how much else in that age of movement!) was inspired by them. And today we still have his famous *Voyages*. Designed as propaganda, they survive as the Odyssey of Elizabethan England, full of monsters and heroes, literature and doggerel, heights and flats, 'the great prose epic of the English nation', the fragments of nameless authors stitched together by the Homer of Herefordshire who, like that other Homer, had probably never seen those distant seas.

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Sour with reed and rush, beflagged with bog-cotton,
The sea burnished as brass, bright as glass
Glitters away to the Summer Isles that float
Black and bland, buoyantly immaterial
Beyond the edge of accessibility
In the Western sea.

White houses front the shore.
Voices of children borne from the schoolhouse
Across the still air lend the belief
That here men still achieve the daily realities
That earth has not abandoned all to sky and sea,
Shuddering in the grip of a conspiracy of mountains.
A buzzard soaring, hump-shouldered raven upon a rock
Proclaim the tenure earth's frail copyhold provides
Upon the tenuous transparency this place has now.
Pity drifts on the face of the moor: it is with you
Here, it will remain, enchain you. Go,
Look to the west, and see tomorrow's sun
Set on the ocean's rim,
The twilight greying and the isles grow dim.

KENNETH WOOD

The Birthday Party

T. S. Eliot: A Symposium for his Seventieth Birthday. Edited and introduced by NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE. *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

For weeks the presents have been coming in, and now we – rather than he – can unwrap them. Mr Eliot's own birthday present to himself and us, his new play, came too late for consideration in this *festschrift*, though elsewhere it seems to have divided the admirers from the Myras. But for the rest, this is an occasion for us to say what we think of him rather than for him to say what he thinks of us.

The trouble is, most of it seems, for the time being at least, to have been said. If a major poet is one round whom Alexandrias get built, then Mr Eliot's is already there, and few of the fifty contributors to this book attempt to add any serious original criticism. For most of them, the key-note may be found in the opening sentence of Rose Macaulay's evocation:

> All one can now do about T. S. Eliot, somewhat daunted, though illumined, by the vast library of commentary that has accrued about his works, is not to try to add to it, but to make one's personal gesture of reaction and recall. . . .

The personal gestures include essays by those who have published, produced, filmed, televised, acted in, set to music, taught, learned, or just read Mr Eliot's works. I particularly liked George Hoellering's remark that the poet was *tempted* to play the part of Becket in the film of his play.

Apart from 'Why I enjoy T. S. Eliot', there is a smaller group of genuinely critical essays, notably two tough and thought-provoking revaluations of Mr Eliot's works as a moralist and as a political writer. These, by Iris Murdoch and J. M. Cameron, offer a good starting point by dealing with the most vulnerable – at present the only vulnerable – side of this writer.

For instance, Miss Murdoch points out that Mr Eliot is 'notably not in the English conservative tradition. He is an eclectic moralist'. That is worth saying, after that weak anonymous parody, and at a time when a few people with the Establishment on the brain are trying to see everything, even a poet, in black and white.

> These men, and those who opposed them
> And those whom they opposed
> Accept the constitution of silence
> And are folded in a single party.

Then Mr Cameron reminds us that some of the difficulty some English critics have in sympathising with, or even understanding, Mr Eliot's philosophical and political writing, can be accounted for by his eccentricity to our tradition. He does not take institutions for granted, but wants to define them, in the interests of truth, not utility. Some find his philosophical writings alien and difficult precisely because he has not managed to bring them into a native tradition, as he has done, according to his own magnificent art-theorem in *Tradition and the Individual Talent*, with his poetry and literary criticism; that is, he has not succeeded in imposing, by what he himself has written, any modification of our view of the relations and values of previous writings in the *genre*. We do not read Hobbes differently because of anything Mr Eliot has written about society; though if he had his way, we should possibly not read Hobbes at all.

Social, political, religious dogma have never taken root in our way of thinking. We have done better with 'pure' literature than with the kind of writing which looks didactically upon society from some fixed point of truth and says 'There

thou ailest'. There is a sense in which *King Lear* is more practical than, say, *Das Kapital*, because it does not set out directly to correct society.

On the other hand, there *is* an English tradition of writings about society by poets; and Mr Eliot's exasperation with the performances of Shelley or Arnold ('the total effect of Arnold's philosophy is to set up Culture in the place of Religion') would inevitably have led him to make his own attempt at the thankless task of unacknowledged legislation. On the whole, though, we dislike our teachers and spiritual guides to take up absolute positions; we like them to leave room for ambiguity and manœuvre, for our weaknesses and their own; which is just what Mr Eliot has not wished to do. In literature, his dismissal of Hardy or Lawrence has the same kind of ruthlessness.

Radical intellectuals who dislike Mr Eliot's attacks on a society 'worm-eaten with liberalism' sometimes forget that he is attacking, among other things, middle-class rootlessness and materialism – 'the thousand lost golf-balls' – mass-industrialism, public indifference to moral truth and spiritual values, laziness, neutralism, and the refusal to think. On the other hand, although Mr Eliot can find room in his heart for Dickens and Marie Lloyd, he seems emotionally and by temperament and upbringing unable to give its full value to the Wellsian or Orwellian little-man attitude in (and to) England, with its sentimental love of moral and intellectual knick-knacks, its muddles, its indifference to hierarchy, its non-conformity, its fear of abstractions: the England which has preserved, at the cost of dislodging a few splendid, stupid fixtures, so much of our medieval concept of law and state (which the French through a too rigid autocracy destroyed) and allowed it to grow into that totality of tradition which Mr Eliot himself so rightly values and to which, as a poet, he has paid homage:

> If I think, again of this place,
> And of people, not wholly commendable,
> Of no immediate kin or kindness,
> But some of peculiar genius,
> All touched by a common genius,
> United in the strife that divided them. . . .

That is even finer than the famous passage at the beginning of Orwell's *England Your England*: for 'how', asked Orwell, 'can one make a pattern out of this muddle?' Mr Eliot's poetry has made one. The *Quartets* could mean little to a pagan; but they can mean a great deal to a heretic.

Those essays in this book which include some disagreement with Mr Eliot's prose ideas were paradoxically of most help to me in trying to think about him, because they led me back to the poetry, where everything that matters in the mind and heart of T. S. Eliot – 'the boredom, the horror and the glory' – has been said, beyond agreement and disagreement. He has absorbed us, and we him: the mutual re-adjustment is complete whenever the slim battered volumes fall open at the beginning of *Prufrock* or *The Waste Land* or *Little Gidding*, and is likely to last out his time and ours. If it were not for the poetry, which is still waiting to receive the modification it has bestowed, who would wrestle with the definitions, or remember this birthday with such pleasure and gratitude?

K. W. GRANSDEN

T. S. Eliot's address on 'The Frontiers of Criticism' is included in a second series of *English Critical Essays, Twentieth Century*, edited by Derek Hudson (World's Classics – Oxford, 7s.). Other essays are by F. R. Leavis on James's *The Europeans*, Humphry House on 'Wordsworth's Fame', Edwin Muir on Robert Henryson, William Empson on *The Spanish Tragedy*, G. S. Fraser on *Waiting for Godot*.

The Second Oldest Profession

The Study of Political Behaviour. By D. E. BUTLER. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

The Foundations of Political Theory. By H. R. G. GREAVES. *Allen & Unwin.* 21s.

Peter Mark Roget – or the son and grandson who enlarged and revised his *Thesaurus* – had a sardonic view of the second oldest profession. The word 'politics' occurs as a subordinate entry in the section headed 'cunning', and it is linked to such phrases as 'back-stairs influence . . . white lie . . . tricks of the trade . . . double-tongued . . . too clever by half'. This view, regrettably, is shared by most of the electorate, and a fair proportion of those who practise or write about politics. It is only the idealists and the academics who tend to take a less cynical attitude.

I quote this association of ideas since Mr David Butler is trying to discover what politics is about, and finds himself driven back on Mr Pickwick's remark that 'politics, sir, comprises in itself a difficult study of no inconsiderable magnitude'. Like others of the new school of political theoreticians – let us call them the social psephologists – he is less interested in making moral judgments about the way men behave in society than in asking why they behave in a given way, what causes lead to the observed results. His studies of electoral behaviour have already broken new ground, and in this book he is discussing the merits and limitations of the subdivisions into which the study of political behaviour may be separated'.

It would be unfair to call Mr Butler an idealist: he is also trying to break free from the routine approach of the academic. Providence, he rightly points out, 'has not seen fit to sub-divide the facts of the universe into the same categories as university departments': he therefore divides political studies by method rather than by subject-matter. There is the deductive approach, used by the classical philosophers, in which Hobbes or Rousseau or Bentham argued from their *a priori* assumptions about human behaviour; the descriptive, used by such men as Bagehot and Bryce; the quantitative, the most modern, perhaps, employed by the pollsters and psephologists; and the various sociological and psychological techniques now favoured in the United States. This is a useful piece of simplification, and it leads Mr Butler to indicate some of the gaps which the classical methods have left in our knowledge of politics – the fact, for instance, that we have no proper study of the role of the Prime Minister, the Lords, or cabinet committees, no systematic account of the way our parties select their candidates. He does not argue, of course, that we are on the verge of any notable breakthrough in either our comprehension of political reality or our capacity to interpret it: even if the kind of research that he proposes is done 'it does not seem likely that the broad picture now available of the conduct of politicians, civil servants, pressure groups and electors will undergo startling transformations or that a comprehensive "general theory of politics" will emerge'. But he has suggested some of the main problems that we shall be investigating and discussing. Briefly summarised, these are the use of language and logic in politics; the composition and work of the parties; the location of power and the function of pressure groups; the assessment of public opinion; and the relation between supra-national and national agencies of government.

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NOVEMBER 3

Anthony Nayman
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Stanley Middleton
A SHORT ANSWER
Brave, conceited, clever, sexy — Sam, the hero of this comic exploration, is a figure of sociological importance

Hutchinson

There is enough here for Mr Butler and his colleagues to work on for a generation, without being driven to value judgments about what they find. But to Mr Greaves, it is the morals of politics that matter most: in this intelligent restatement of radical pluralism he is searching for a moral system that can provide a foundation for democratic politics. Still greatly influenced by the Laski who wrote *A Grammar of Politics*, by Morris Ginsberg and, at longer range, John Stuart Mill, Mr Greaves rejects natural law in both its theological and metaphysical forms as a sanction for moral standards. But he also rejects unqualified relativism: such concepts as 'the good life' and 'self-realisation', he suggests, may have subjective origins but they can be sustained by rational arguments – the most powerful and simple of these being that the ideals derived from these concepts make it possible for men to live most tolerably with each other. Mr Greaves, in short, is wrestling with a problem that must be faced by all of us who reject any theological or abstract system of morality yet realise that the great weakness of Marxist relativism is that it can lead to no morality at all: how can a moral system be created from ordinary human experience that is viable for anything more than a given time and place? I am not being harsh when I say that Mr Greaves has not given me an answer that satisfies me – though as a matter of common sense I happen to agree with some of his conclusions. He would not claim himself that his book does more than map out one possible route to a solution. Its merit, however, lies in the fact that, like the young Polish philosopher Kolakowski who wrote the brilliant article on *Personal Responsibility and History*, he has laid hold of one of the most slippery problems of our age. And that, of course, is the contribution which the idealists and academics must make if we are ever to substitute new and nobler words for those that at present lie with 'politics' in the *Thesaurus*.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

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ROGER VAILLAND'S exceptional novel has won international acclaim. A Book Society Choice and Prix Goncourt winner, it has been called alternatively sensationally good, compelling but horrid, most brilliant, beautiful and wicked. The Daily Telegraph reviewer thinks it the most brilliant social satire he has read for years; the Spectator, 'a novel of power, humour and skill'. One paper 'hated it, but could not put it down' but to the New Statesman critic it is an experience that he will not easily forget. Whether they approve of it or not, they all agree that it is exceedingly competent, beautifully translated and utterly absorbing. Judging by its phenomenal sales, so do thousands of other readers throughout the country. *15s*

JONATHAN CAPE

Medical Perspectives

Medicine and Man. By RITCHIE CALDER. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s*.

The Matrix of Medicine. Edited by NICOLAS MALLESON. *Pitman.* 45*s*.

It seems to be very difficult for the non-medical writer to resist the temptation to overdramatise the achievements of medicine. He fears that his readers must have 'miracles', and with the general level of scientific education in this country it may be too much to expect a mature and informed, although amateur, interest in medicine. This is not so in America, nor is it true of physics and engineering, but the appeal of medicine is perhaps too pervasive and personal to allow a cool and critical interest among the non-professionals.

Mr Ritchie Calder is as informed and balanced as any popular writer on scientific subjects, but even he plays up his story. There is an air of excited breathiness that belies the seriousness of the content of his survey of the history of medicine from the witch-doctor to the consultant. He has the feel of scientific significance, but he does not trust the intrinsic interest of his story to carry him along. He describes the struggles of the medical pioneers, the hostility that met Lister, Simpson and Semmelweiss, which was as much from their own profession as from anyone else. Here, it seems to me, is an interesting phenomenon which still has importance. What are the roots of this resistance to new ideas in a profession partly scientific? Could prejudice, complacency and ignorance still suppress important new advances in medicine?

There are many who think they could, as witness the support in high places for various cancer 'cures'. Mr Rees Evans would not have been able to obtain an extremely high-powered inquiry, set up by the then Minister of Health, Mr Bevan, into his claims for a cancer cure if there did not linger in some important minds the suspicion, perhaps transferred from their own attitudes to other Establishments, that medical Authority might still refuse to listen to medical Dissent. Mr Calder himself described, in these columns, *Picture Post's* championing of Rees Evans's claims as 'one of the most courageous and debatable journalistic ventures of our times'. In the Rees Evans case inquiry predictably vindicated authority. But H11, and the 'radio-aesthetics' machine that treats a patient by means of a drop of his blood on blotting paper, still have their supporters, even among the serious newspapers. This suggests a mistrust of the medical Establishment (increased by its political conduct?). Is it justified?

It is most unlikely. The opportunities for publication are now so great (perhaps too great) that it is hardly conceivable that any serious evidence could be suppressed. On the contrary, many remedies are thought, after inadequate trial, to be effective which are not discarded until years of experience have shown them to be useless, sometimes harmful.

Preventive medicine is more important than curative, but not so interesting. This sad fact will remain true, I fear, in spite of *The Matrix of Medicine*, a symposium which surveys the social impact of medicine today. It 'will be found interesting and stimulating by medical and lay readers alike' say the publishers, but this is an almost impossible hope, and the book is uneven because some of the contributors have been undecided about whom they were writing for. Some have aimed to instruct, others to stimulate, and a few (the least interesting) merely to make propaganda. Among the most valuable contributions is Dr Malleson's own study of the medical problems of university students. He casts doubt on the value of the routine medical examination, so unconvincingly championed for business chiefs in the correspondence columns of *The Times* the other day. Dr Malleson attempts to answer some of the crucial 'how much?' questions – how much student ill-health, how much wastage, how much money to prevent it, how successful could prevention be – which must be answered before any rational decision can be made, but which are so often (as in many of the other articles) not even asked.

But are not the great questions of social medicine to be found in the impact upon Western medicine of the developing countries of the East? This is the challenge that medicine has to face, of which it seems scarcely aware, so preoccupied is it with the increasingly difficult and decreasingly useful task of grafting a few more years on to the end of life. The problem of adding thirty years to the expectation of life in Africa is not as intellectually stimulating as that of adding three in Europe, but it matters more.

D. A. PYKE

The Concept of Culture

Culture and Society, 1780-1950. By RAYMOND WILLIAMS. *Chatto & Windus.* 30*s*.

When I opened Mr Williams's book I expected Dickens would be the central figure in it. You can't consider the culture of nineteenth-century society, or the sociology of nineteenth-century culture, without giving Dickens your best attention. The rise of the novel is the most important feature of the cultural history of this period, and the novel in England is dominated by Dickens. Dickens revolutionised the economics of publishing through his exploitation of part-issue and serial publication, and by the same means he achieved a new intimacy of relationship between writer and reading public. He was in every sense a figure: the world's favourite novelist, an editor of unmatched flair, freeman of Edinburgh at the age of twenty-nine. His life and works make the best of all approaches to Victorian philistinism, and to that misunderstood connection between bad drama and good fiction.

But Dickens appears only in the chapter on the Industrial Novel, where he is represented by *Hard Times*. You could hardly have a worse introduction to Dickens than *Hard Times*: it is bad Dickens and untypical Dickens – bad because of its low vitality, and untypical because of its meagre neatness, lack-lustre humour and show of intellect. But it is easier to handle in its self-conscious address to the problems of Coketown than most of his better books. Its thematic seriousness draws Mr Williams to *Hard Times*, as I suppose it drew Dr Leavis in his *Great Tradition*; Mr Williams is discussing the response of five novelists (Mrs Gaskell, Dickens, Disraeli, Kingsley, George Eliot) to the Industrial Revolution, and *Hard Times* is the obvious Dickens text. Unfortunately Dickens is not very interesting when he considers industrialism and organised labour, whereas on the more general question of work in Victorian society one can point to a book –

Great Expectations, with its hand-washing and 'Walworth sentiments', and the forge – which is perhaps the best he wrote.

Mr Williams has his reason for this skimpy treatment of Dickens, and it would be unfair to dwell on it as if working round to an adverse judgment of his book. He wants to focus on the concept of culture – its genesis and evolution through the last century and a half; with the result that the content of culture is virtually ignored. He is not offering a digest of trends in learning, science and the arts. Nor is he studying the why and wherefore of contemporary reputations, or of ghost-reputations such as that enjoyed by Mr Gladstone's literary hero, Martin Tupper. He begins with a brief semantic exercise in which he shows how a group of key words (*industry, democracy, class, art, culture*) changed their meanings, or acquired new meanings, early in the nineteenth century. He quotes Thomas Arnold on the speed of the social changes lying behind the linguistic changes: 'We have been living, as it were, the life of three hundred years in thirty. All things have made a prodigious start together. . .' And he then scrutinises the attempts of many people, some of them (like Burke, the first on his list) men of genius, and others (like George Orwell, the last) men of parts, to build some kind of theoretical structure on the ruins of old pieties and vanishing relationships.

There is hard work behind every chapter of this book, and an independent judgment is evident in all except one or two. Mr Williams writes well, though never brilliantly; a kind of elephant-dance jocularity ('But people will (damn them, do you say?) learn only by experience. . .') is the nearest he gets to bad writing. He is an intelligent and sensitive critic (which readers of *Drama from Ibsen to Eliot* will not need to be told), but I would place above these virtues a generosity of temperament which gives moral stature to his work, enabling him to feel for a man while he assaults his arguments – a remarkable combination of human sympathy and analytic severity.

I failed to find a thesis or master-concept in Mr Williams's book: instead I found what he calls an 'organising principle' in the fact that 'the idea of culture, and the word itself in its general modern uses, came into English thinking in the period which we commonly describe as that of the Industrial Revolution.' Following the idea of culture through his commentary on well-chosen texts is a rich and varied (and sometimes strenuous) experience. The chapter on Carlyle is perhaps the best of all, because of its able demonstration of the originality of his early writings. Carlyle goes up, and Matthew Arnold comes down: Mr. Williams's mildness of address only serves to intensify the clarity with which he shows how vague and vulnerable is Arnold's idea of culture.

Two criticisms came to mind which are more than trivial. It is surely misleading to treat all the first-generation Romantics as 'deeply interested and . . . involved in study and criticism of the society of their day': this is half true of some of them and untrue of Keats. Secondly, Mr Williams emphasises – it is the main point of this chapter – that D. H. Lawrence 'had the rich experience of childhood in a working-class family, in which most of his positives lay' (that literary-critical use of 'positives' as a substantive is horrible) without saying a word about the inter-class stress between his mother and father. Lawrence's 'We were the In-betweens' ought not to be ignored.

In his final chapter Mr Williams comes forward with a personal statement. He tells how, himself a working-class boy, he came across the public-school ideal of service in late adolescence, and found it 'inadequate because in practice it serves, at every level, to maintain and confirm the *status quo*. This was wrong, for me, because the *status quo*, in practice, was a denial of equity to the men and women among whom I had grown up, the lower servants'—he has been arguing that middle-class education is a training for upper servants, not a training for leadership – 'whose lives were governed by the existing distributions of property, remuneration, education and respect. The real personal unselfishness, which ratified the description as service, seemed to me to exist within a larger selfishness, which was only not seen because it was idealised as the necessary form of a civilisation. . .' One senses a powerful mind behind this argument, and a magnanimity which the earlier generous commentary on the work of others has led one to expect.

JOHN JONES

Self-Portrait of a Mastodon

Look Homeward, Angel. By THOMAS WOLFE. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Selected Letters of Thomas Wolfe. Edited by ELIZABETH NOWELL. *Heinemann.* 25*s.*

Thomas Wolfe was an American phenomenon, one of those helpless and star-gazing mastodons, born without aptitude for adaptation or survival, who encumber the American past. His first and best novel, *Look Homeward, Angel*, had spontaneity and vividness, but when he is described as 'a genius' it is only to save the critic from feeling beastly. Wolfe had automatic energy, pouring out millions of words in inchoate novels and in letters, but no force, no capacity to work in the sense of taking pains. He wrote out of euphoria, and his range of thought or emotion hardly goes beyond the adolescent, though he has that visual intensity. Even when one is speculating on the American dream, the partiality to myth in American literature or the literature of restlessness and search for personality, Wolfe's place is a small one. He is a rhetorician without richness of language or mind. Beside a Melville, he is flaccid, full of verbosity rather than of utterance. There is a theory that American writers mature late and it is said that, at his tragically early death, Wolfe showed signs of maturing: he had 'come through'. It may be. But, for a natural, it is often fatal to mature.

Of Wolfe's spell there can, all the same, be no question. It comes out at its most engaging in his voluminous letters. Disjointed, patched together at different times, many of them unposted, they are his best work. In his novels, Wolfe's egotistical nature was moved by an extreme passion for liberty and self-isolation; in his letters he is obliged to contend with people, he has to acquire a little of the modesty that accepts their existence. He is able to explain himself and to say something of value about the pilgrimage of an artist in the unmaking. He engages because he is so genuinely trying to work something out. His descriptions are very good, and one understands how his case attracted the love and forgiveness of his friends. A selection of these letters from the enormous number in the American edition has been made for English readers and one can see him in his main moods. It is said that his formal idea that he was 'searching for a father' was really suggested to him by Maxwell Perkins, an Edward Garnett in American publishing; but Wolfe was clearly a lost man, voracious for a new theory and, in human rela-

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HART-DAVIS

tionships, for a new idol. The idols were cornered, overwhelmed, imprisoned; then they bored him. He moved on and the reproaches and suspicions began. There is an example of this very early in the correspondence, in a long letter to a Professor G. P. Baker whom he addresses with gratitude that quickly moves on to his special brand of loving and explanatory insult. The wretched professor is told he is a dullard. Wolfe talks his advisers, his friends, his mistresses to a moral standstill and he is never so right as when he is admitting he was once at fault, but has now forgiven himself. There is nothing hypocritical in this; with a gift of fluent urgency and naturalness, he manages to make the great cause of his own adventure in self-preservation the warmest and most important thing in the world. Here he was the complete artist of the romantic sort, unabashed in self-revelation, naively inflating himself but deadly in deflating others. He is sometimes very funny in his abuse. To a Boston lady:

> I could blast you with lightning or wither you like a blade of grass in my wrath. But I am not enraged, I'm only weary – and I understand why Zeus, Theos, Jahveh, Jupiter, Adonai and Allah – call Him by certain of his titles – does not exercise his royal prerogative of destruction oftener. He is bored, bored as I am bored – vanquished by his mightiest enemy, Supreme and Invincible Dullness. My dear girl, you win; to you are the bays and laurels; to you are the golden apples; yours is the jewelled coronet of all the former Empresses of Night, who are small beside thee.

(She is later described as elephantine):

> The owls go blind before thee; and the ground hogs belie their prophetic souls at thy approach, for thou puttest out the sun. On you falls the mantle of the lamented McFlecknoe who never had a lucid interval; to you as well goes Hooligan's Hat, the justly celebrated Wooden Derby, the Fur Lined Robe de Nuit and the Cut Glass Frying Pan. . . . Your pious reflection, in your horrid little letter, that after your forthcoming voyage to Alsace Lorraine, you will know your France, touches in me unpleasant springs of indulgent laughter.

It seems doubtful if this letter and others like it were ever sent. A pity, in a way.

The literary letters are a mixture of exalted promising or tormented anxiety. There is a good one to Scott Fitzgerald in which Wolfe blusters that he is a 'putter inner' not a 'leaver outer'; and there are, throughout, pictures of Wolfe himself, ranging the streets and bars in London, Paris and Germany, writing his three or four thousand words a day, bogged down with manuscripts, always promising, puffing, exaggerating; and in the end, grimly fending off the attacks of his critics and facing the shattering rejection of his work. Since he has tenderness as well as cruelty and a real appetite for life, books and words, the effect is very sad. He excels in description. He was especially at home – as many Americans seem to be – in Germany, but he was one of the first to notice with alarm, rather as D. H. Lawrence did, the emotional stirrings out of which Nazism grew. There is a vivid description of the awful, innocent, disgusting Oktoberfest in Munich where he got drunk and was beaten up. He is a good letter-writer because he is gifted, changeable, observant, unguarded and self-revealing; and letters have the advantage that, however long they are, they cannot run to two or three hundred thousand words. Wolfe contributed a personality rather than a collection of novels to American writing. For these one may have a taste, but I doubt if even those with a curiosity for the extinct mastodons of a period will be able to sustain it for long.

V. S. PRITCHETT

New Novels

Zly. By LEOPOLD TYRMAND. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*

The Cross of Baron Samedi. By RICHARD DOHRMAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18*s.*

Expense Account. By JOE MORGAN. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

Beyond the Mountains. By ALEXANDER RAMATI. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 15*s.*

Justice of the Heart. By E. ARNOT ROBERTSON. *Collins.* 15*s.*

To get immediate *réclame* in the conditions of modern society, it seems necessary for a novel to have some kind of journalistic correlative: that is to say, a relation in theme to some social problem of wide topical interest. Some writers deliberately strive for it, others simply happen to have it, without conscious effort touching the contemporary nerve. There is, behind the demand for this kind of writing both in the novel and the play, a fallacy: the belief that there is some special artistic and moral virtue in precise contemporaneity. In fact, few of the great novels and plays are set in anything like the immediate time of their creation, since one of the first needs of the writer is for social perspective. But, be that as it may, the fact remains: and *Zly*, a repetitive, frenetic and imposing story of Teddy-boy gangs in Warsaw who are organised into strong-arm men by the big gangsters, sold 100,000 copies in Poland and is being published all over the world.

It is a non-political novel written during the Polish 'thaw'; not much more than a thriller, to be honest, but a thriller of exceptional impact and immediacy. The central figure is a man of mystery, the 'Bad Man' (this is what the title means, and it might have been better to settle for it here instead of for the unpronounceable original) who is waging war, almost single-handed, against the hooligan gangs. He succeeds in rooting out the worst; but in the end we find a single effective thug left, ready to start the whole thing over again. The atmosphere of terror and decay, of ragged and sinister streets, of the brainless cruelty which has become so repulsive a feature of contemporary life, gives the book its heavy power. The Bad Man – let's face it – is only Robin Hood and the Four Just Men; one can't take him seriously. But the problem, which seems to spring up in all advanced industrial societies, no matter which side of the Curtain they are on, is serious enough, and the intention of *Zly* far more grim and honourable than that of the ordinary thriller.

The Cross of Baron Samedi is maddening. Here is a young writer of considerable power, penetration and poetry, who appears to have decided that when you write a novel you must put on a special novel-writing hat and use a special novelist's voice. He has dressed up his serious and original theme in an absurd prose-style, obscure, tortuous, full of syntactical inversions and preposterous convolutions, as if he were trying to develop a manner of writing somewhere between the more coagulated Faulkner and the new experiments of Mr James Gould Cozzens. The story concerns a young American in Haiti during the last part of the occupation, his marriage to a neurotic girl, and his life as a widower. The air is thick with Voodoo, and Baron Samedi, a kind of scarecrow-fetish, symbolises the evil which sucks men to their deaths. What Mr Dohrman has to say is quite intricate enough, quite difficult enough, without being made more so by verbal pretentiousness. He is a most promising writer, even an exciting one, who has no need to pretend and every need to do some fresh thinking about his own technical problems.

Expense Account, by Joe Morgan, makes a pleasing addendum to that attractive and scarifying work, *The Organisation Man*. This is a touching little comedy with sad overtones, about a young man who lives like a prince on the expense account during business hours and returns to pig it with his overworked wife in the evenings. The difference between the two ways of living is a torment to them both; and for Linda, a pleasant, unaffected young woman with no talent whatsoever for snurging to the boss's wife, it is pretty well insupportable. The ending, which is a pure get-out, like the end of Mr Amis's *That Uncertain Feeling*, gives one a sense of disappointment; but up to this point the book is socially fascinating, and Mr Morgan's study of a really good marriage gives his novel a new and rather unexpected dimension.

Beyond the Mountains is a stark and dignified escape story. Two brothers, Poles released from a Siberian labour camp in 1941, make tracks for Tashkent, with the secret intention of escaping over the border into Persia. The younger of the two seems an unlikely lad; he is immature, his health is poor, he looks like being a mere passenger on the dangerous journey. Yet it is he who is forced into leadership; and the book is concerned with his mental and moral development. This novel has the uncomforting stateliness appropriate to the epic. The writer does not bother himself with obvious allures, nor even work up tension to any great extent; he just grinds on with his narrative, as his two young men grind on through the poverty-stricken wildness of Usbekistan, the goal in view, their eyes never leaving it.

There is always an element of frolic in the novels of Miss E. Arnot Robertson, something high-spirited, irresponsible, schoolgirlish. We are told that Louise, her journalist-heroine, takes a tough assignment in Zanzibar in order to expiate a profound guilt (she just happened to be in bed with another man the night her husband died); yet it is impossible to feel very strongly about questions of crime or punishment when travelling with her. It is a good story, with a

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sharply contrived conflict between idealism and practical experience, between noble noseyness and coarse common sense. Captain Hilbery, the drunken police-chief who both despises and loves his 'coons', is admirably drawn, and so is Mrs Corryman, the leechlike busybody whose hospitality is a prison. But the mood of the whole book is uncertain. It isn't so much a matter of knowing on which side of your face to laugh: it is a matter of wishing you had an octagonal face, and could exhibit eight emotions on it at more or less one and the same time.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

. . . But Not Yet

Disengagement in Europe. By MICHAEL HOWARD. *Penguin Books.* 2s. 6d.

In a foreword to this new Penguin Special, Mr Fred Bellenger calls disengagement 'that blessed word'. Like many such words it means different things to different people – a trap, new isolationism, an illusion; some of its most spirited opponents conclude their tirades against it with their own constructive solutions which, on examination, are disengagement in another form.

George Kennan's remarkable Reith Lectures a year ago stimulated interest in the subject, and provoked a vigorous attack by Mr Dean Acheson in the American quarterly *Foreign Affairs*. After painting the gloomiest picture of the effects of Mr Kennan's suggestions, Mr Acheson described 'the other side of the medal'. He urged that a strong, united Europe would in time encourage a negotiated reduction in forces and give a real opportunity to shift the threat of nuclear weapons farther into the background. He visualised the beneficent effect of a rising standard of living in Russia as well as Europe, and continued: 'Then negotiations looking toward a united Germany, under honorable and healing conditions . . . could for the first time be meaningful and show the buds of hope'. Mr Acheson is in favour of disengagement – but not yet. He is typical of many critics, especially Americans.

Mr Michael Howard's book arose out of the deliberations of a Chatham House group of politicians and military commentators, for whom he acted as rapporteur. The group early found a lack of agreement on a definition of disengagement and set themselves therefore to investigate what it really signified as well as its military and political implications. The result is an invaluable survey; cool, detached and concise, it does not postulate inevitable consequences for which there is no evidence. Nor does it denigrate by using emotional descriptions like Mr Acheson's 'timid and defeatist policy of retreat'. It does not shirk an honest assessment of the military value of Nato, which cannot be reassuring for those who advocate staying as we are. The group have also tackled a military problem which up to now has received too little attention: how to impose sanctions rapidly and effectively if the proposed agreement breaks down. Their solution, the maintenance of full planning liaison by East and West with, respectively, the Eastern Europeans and Germany, might not be so acceptable politically as militarily, but at least it is a practical suggestion.

At the end of it all, however, the conclusions reached by the group are disappointing. They appear to be in no doubt that the only proposals of any value at all are those put forward by the Labour Party, what the book calls the Gaitskell-Healey plan, and they suggest that this plan might well be militarily acceptable. But they do not believe that any plan offers hope of political acceptance at the present time. They are in favour of disengagement – but not yet. Perhaps unintentionally, Mr Howard indicates why. It is fear. Throughout the book it is alarm and risk and danger which are suggested as governing action. Until international tension is relaxed peoples will not relax, and political action is petrified. 'The frying pan is hot, but where will we land if we jump out of it?'

Yet the time will never be 'ripe' for disengagement – just as colonial people are never 'ready' for political freedom. Why should we not maintain the aim of disengagement, which will in any event take years to achieve, and begin with controlled withdrawal in the West? Only thus can fear be dispelled. And how else can we adopt the firm, flexible and patient attitude advocated by Mr Howard himself?

F. GOMERSALL

Music Round-Up

The appearance of Volume 2 (*After Beethoven to Wagner*) and Volume 3 (*The Romantic Age*) in the *Music Masters* series, edited by A. L. Bacharach, completes this valuable publication in its new Pelican format. The 165 composers (or composing families) treated in these four compact volumes (5s. each) were entrusted to so many different writers that some variation of quality, and of approach, was inevitable: for instance, some writers confine themselves fairly closely to biography, while others make considered aesthetic judgments. The series as a whole is perhaps most valuable for its chapters on minor or less familiar composers, about whom reliable information is hard to come by, such as Szymanowski, Turina, Janacek and Granados; but several chapters on even the most famous of composers are well worth reading for their own sakes.

To the popular 'Six Great' series John Warrack contributes *Six Great Composers* (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.); these are critical essays on Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin and Verdi aimed roughly at Sixth Form level. Mr Warrack's well-informed and enthusiastic response to music is not as yet matched by an equal sensitivity to the niceties of language: phrases like 'Verdi may not quite seem to make the grade to this supreme pinnacle' occur too frequently, and offer a bad model to juvenile readers. All the same, this is a sound and useful little book.

It might seem that there were already more than enough books relating the plots of operas; but Rudolf Fellner's *Opera Themes and Plots* (Calder, 30s.) offers something new and desirable in facing each clear, correct and thoroughly literate narration with very numerous large-type, single-stave musical quotations (34 for *Figaro*, 43 for *Die Meistersinger*). In all, 32 operas are thus treated (nine Wagner, six Verdi, three each Mozart and Puccini, two Strauss, singles by Bizet, Donizetti, Gounod, Leoncavallo, Mascagni, Massenet, Mussorgsky, Offenbach and Rossini). This seems the ideal present for someone just beginning to explore the world of opera, for whom Kobbé is still too elaborate and perhaps too expensive; it is particularly suitable for radio listeners.

Also recommended: *The Literary Clef* (Calder, 25s.), a delightful selection of letters and other writings by French composers, compiled and translated by Edward Lockspeiser; and *Orpheus in America* (Hamish Hamilton, 18s.), a translation by Lander MacClintock of Offenbach's sketchy but entertaining journal of his visit to the United States in 1876.

D. S.-T.

New Editions

New Everyman volumes include George Borrow's *Wild Wales*, introduced by David Jones, Voltaire's *Age of Louis XIV*, translated by Martyn Pollack (Dent, 10s. 6d. each), Donne's *Poems* (7s.), Tchekhov's *Plays and Stories*, introduced by David Magarshack, and Burns's *Poems and Songs* (8s. 6d. each). Dobson's have published a new edition of Edith Sitwell's *English Eccentrics* (25s.), which has two appendices of new material. A. C. Ward's *English Literature* (Longmans, 30s.) is a one-volume edition of his *Illustrated History*, with the text-illustrations of the orignal, and George Watson's *Concise Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature* (Cambridge, 20s.), distils the essence of the five-volume work.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,492 **Set by Bangor**

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pose verses on either of these models beginning 'How . . . to meet . . .', and supposedly written by any one of the following: Mr (Randolph) Churchill, Mr Bevan, Mr Priestley, Mr (Danny) Kaye, Dr Leavis, Mr (A. J. P.) Taylor or Mr (Alistair) Cooke. Limit 16 lines.

Report

Not a large entry, and of those who competed a surprising number ran out of inspiration after promising starts, like D. R. Peddy's –

> How pleasant to meet Mr Bevan,
> Bête-noire of the Carlton Club crew.
> He's some Socialists' idea of Heaven,
> But his notions are rather non-Hugh.

and Rhoda Tuck Pook's –

> How uncanny to meet Mr Priestley
> Who fosters a singular cult!
> He must find waking up simply beastly,
> Never sure if it's inst., prox. or ult.

Also, perhaps through my fault, perhaps not, there was widespread misunderstanding of my intentions. I intended self-portraits, like both examples: I got practically none. I expected – hoped for, rather – modest and humorous self-praise or self-deprecation, with nothing which would cut the subject to the quick (Mr Bevan would not have said of himself 'His behind has been known to be kicked'); but subjects were repeatedly and painfully insulted. Alistair Cooke was chosen favourite, with Mr Priestley a close second.

I suggest two guineas to Nancy Gunter for the most Lear-like portrait of Danny Kaye, and a guinea each to Gloria Prince, S. R. Clayton, J. A. Lindon and R. A. McKenzie. Runners-up were J. S. Fidgen, D. R. Peddy, Leslie Johnson, Rhoda Tuck Pook, J. R. Till, A. M. Sayers, G. J. Blundell and D. L. L. Clarke.

DANNY KAYE

How bizzo to know Mr Kaye,
When you're feeling gorbillious and libberish
He will screen all your sorrows away
And sing to you sweetly in gibberish.

From Uxbridge to Ultima Thulia
He is hailed as a celluloid star,
His make-up is funny-peculiar
His antics are funny-ha-ha.

His famous collection of fans
Reacted with squealings and chucklings
To his acting of Andersen (Hans),
In 3-D with Danes, dancers, and ducklings.

He's winsome as Walterful Mitty
His Andrews are merry and gay;
For his cracks which are wise if not witty
How bizzo to know Mr Kaye.

NANCY GUNTER

MR BEVAN

How pleasant to know Mr Bevan
Who believes in a Nye for a Nye!
To some he's an angel from heaven,
To some he's a blot on the sky.

He never kowtows to the Party,
He doesn't respect all he should;
Is he wise, or no more than a smarty?
Is he bad, or impossibly good?

Is he Red? Not in Communist quarters:
He sides with the Bomb and the jet;
He has enemies, friends and supporters:
Miss Jennie's the name of his pet.

He'd have us all keep up our peckers;
He puffs up hard Labour with leaven:
Ere they crown him in China or Chequers,
How pleasant to know Mr Bevan!

GLORIA PRINCE

ALISTAIR COOKE

How pleasant to know Mr Cooke!
The liberal US Mancunian,
Whose eloquence runs like a brook
On hot dogs or the state of the Union.

He will tell you about the recession –
So complex and subtle his prose is,
He will start with a page of digression
On why he admires Grandma Moses.

He expounds from Times Square or Nantucket,
He is fair both to Ike and to Foster.
He is known to eat clams by the bucket
But he sighs for some real double Gloucester.

He is lucid, yet never pedantic,
He is patient with screwballs and cranks,
Though the pace of New York he finds frantic,
He prefers it to Manchester, Lancs.

SYLVIA CLAYTON

How pleasant to know Mr Cooke,
Once famous in cinematology:
He said, 'Stay at home with a book'!
(The BBC made an apology.)

Yes, once he was true blue and British,
Who now is a gum-chewing Yank;
His comments are sober, not skittish,
Yet wittily worded and frank.

His *Letter* (each week) *from America*
Is broadcast direct, because vital;
But sounds now and then atmospherickier
Than fights for the heavyweight title!

He works in a modern (no plush) room;
He types, never writes in a book:
Ere New York end in fire and a mushroom,
How pleasant to know Mr Cooke!

J. A. LINDON

MR PRIESTLEY

How pleasant to know Mr Priestley,
With his pipe and his Yorkshireman's brogue!
Some Tories regard him as beastly;
Few people would judge him in vogue.

He's blunter, more lowbrow than Bennett;
He wouldn't be Joyce if he could;
'Life isn't too bad' is his tenet
(His early Companions were Good).

He looks very well on the telly;
He speaks very well on the air;
Has a hint of a prosperous belly,
And likes to sit long in his chair.

He shrugs if the critics all bite him;
He doesn't think Shaw is too beastly.
Ere they make him Sir John – and benight him –
How pleasant to know Mr Priestley!

R. A. MCKENZIE

City Lights

From China to Peru

First, tin. Last Thursday, in the second round of morning trading on the London Metal Exchange, nobody offered to buy tin at the standing price of £730 a ton; dealings were suspended, and when they reopened in the afternoon the price dropped by £100 a ton. The manager of the International Tin Council's price support scheme had finally run out of funds under the steady pressure of Russian dumping. The price of the metal has recovered since then, but nobody yet knows what the Tin Council plans to do or where the price of tin will finally settle down if left to itself. The prospect is not altogether black, but 30 per cent. of Malaya's tin miners are already unemployed and their feelings towards Russia are unfriendly.

Next, lead and zinc. The United States, on the morrow of a UN conference about the industry and in the face of strong protests, has this week clapped an extremely severe quota on imports of lead and zinc. The background is the usual one – a post-Korea stockpiling programme which encouraged the opening-up of new mines abroad with whose costs US producers could not compete, the prolongation of the programme to help domestic producers until it became impossible to do so any longer, and finally the imposition of import restrictions to mollify the lobby. The quota will have an unpleasant effect on the prosperity of producers in Mexico and Peru, whose feelings towards America were vividly experienced by Vice-President Nixon earlier this year, on Australian producers, who have had to step up their shipments to make up for the effect of the US tariff on wool, and on Canadian producers who are already anti-American enough.

* * *

The news has at least given a greater sense of unity and purpose to the Commonwealth ministers meeting in Montreal. On the trade front, Britain has refused Canada convertibility of sterling but offered the removal of controls on imports of dollar non-consumer goods; Canada has refused to restore preferences but has promised not to raise tariffs on certain British imports. On the expanding Commonwealth front, Canada has offered to bump up her World Bank, IMF and Colombo Plan subscriptions (so leaving herself with very little to offer at next month's IMF conference in New Delhi) while Britain has suggested a number of little ideas for encouraging investment in the Commonwealth. The City feels a bit puzzled about the whole business. Removing controls is all very well, and there's nothing much to be said against allowing development boards in Commonwealth countries to borrow in London; even the idea of turning the Export Credits Guarantee Department into a sort of Export-Import bank for the Commonwealth seems a sound enough idea at a time when demand for British exports is falling off rapidly. But charging only a quarter per cent. more than the British government would have to pay in the market? And allowing Colonial governments to borrow from the Exchequer on the same terms? It may help the colonies to get more money and save them from the cost of the tradition that colonies are even more unreliable than left-wing local authorities. But what about Tory economic philosophy, sir?

* * *

Two years ago, the chairman of Triplex cut shareholders' dividend for the sake of fighting inflation and encouraging wage restraint; this year he describes to them how the directors have resisted the temptation of bringing the £995,486 profit up to a 'nice round figure' of a million. Sir Graham is obviously a card, and the cost of advertising his statement to the world is money well spent on publicity. Listen: 'Haven't we had an appalling summer? At least it was until we published our annual report at the beginning of September and then we had sunshine for a few days. I do not think I ever remember it being so wet. One looked out of the window and saw the rain pouring, pouring, pouring down. I wonder if any of you ever thought of trying to make an estimate of the millions upon millions of raindrops that were coming down as you watched the rain pouring from the skies? Or have you ever tried to count the millions upon millions of feet of Triplex safety glass. . . .' Sir Graham has a gift for the natural break. 'Business,' as he says, 'is not easy – that is why it is such glorious fun.'

TAURUS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Pocklington and Hornsea, East Riding

Appointment of Organising Tutors for Further Education

Applications are invited from suitably experienced graduates for two appointments as organising tutors in the Pocklington and Hornsea areas respectively. The person appointed will in each case be responsible for the organisation of the Institute of Further Education centred in the newly opened County Secondary School, and also for the organisation and development of day and evening classes for adults and adolescents in the villages in the surrounding areas. Each tutor-organiser will be expected to work in close collaboration with the Headmaster-Warden who has been appointed at each centre to exercise a general oversight of further education activities. Though an evening institute has been functioning at each place for some years, there is room for a considerable expansion of further education activities in both areas. The two posts offer considerable scope for persons of initiative and enthusiasm.

The salary for each post will be in accordance with Grade B of the Burnham Scales for Teachers in Establishments for Further Education, plus a special allowance of £100 per annum. Car allowances will be payable in accordance with the County Council scale. It is expected that houses can be made available.

Forms of application and further particulars may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley, to whom they should be returned by 31 October, 1958. Applicants should indicate whether they wish to be considered for one or both appointments. It is hoped that the successful applicants will be able to take up duty at Easter, 1959.

REYNOLDS NEWS, PUBLIC AND CO-OPERATIVE RELATIONS DEPARTMENT

New appointments are to be made soon of Public Relations Officers. Although each would be responsible for a special area, they must be prepared to move around the country to suit the requirements of organisation, and be able to drive a car.

Applicants must have a thorough working knowledge of the Co-operative, Labour and Trade Union Movements, an ability to speak, a pleasant personality and be able to use their own initiative.

Write for form of application giving full details to Secretary/General Manager, Reynolds News, Wicklow Street, London, WC1.

THE BRITISH COUNCIL

has vacancies for British graduates to teach English as a foreign language in

AFGHANISTAN	– Secondary School
CAMBODIA	– School of administration
INDONESIA	– Teacher training
NEPAL	– Teacher training
SOMALIA	– Secondary Schools/ Teacher training
THAILAND	– to technical students
VIETNAM	– University

Apply Personnel Department, 65 Davies Street, London, W1. Quote B2(58) Closing dates 8 or 17 October.

EXPERIENCED SHORTHAND-TYPIST REQUIRED.

Accuracy and willingness essential. Pleasant working conditions. Good salary and prospects. Staff canteen. Ring TEM. 1061 or write Box 3333.

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Lectureship in Philosophy. Applications are invited for this Lectureship. Salary £1,025 × £50 to £1,275 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in New Zealand and London on 31 October, 1958.

HOUSEPARENTS required, spastic residential centre. Good living conditions, full social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Road, Croydon. ADD. 2310.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSOCIATION OF SCIENTIFIC WORKERS

Trade Union Organiser required 1 January 1959, to work from office in Sheffield. Salary £787 to £945 per annum. Pension provision. Apply, stating age and experience, to General Secretary, 15 Half Moon Street, London, W1, by 31 October 1958.

CITY AND COUNTY OF BRISTOL DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH

Assistant Mental Welfare Officer (Male) Applications invited from persons who wish to enter Local Authority Mental Health Service as Assistant Mental Welfare Officer. Duties of post will enable person selected to obtain experience and training to fit him to become a candidate for position of Mental Welfare Officer and Duly Authorised Officer. Salary: Grade APT I, £575-£725 p.a. Post superannuable. Medical examination. Applications by 11 October, on forms from Medical Officer of Health, Central Health Clinic, GPO Box No 201, Tower Hill, Bristol 2.

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Senior Lecturer in Accountancy. Applications are invited for the above position. Applicants should have an appropriate University Degree and qualifications and experience in Accountancy. Salary £A2,160/£A2,510 per annum. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 31 October 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Lecturer in Psychology. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in the Department of Psychology. Preference will be given to a candidate with previous experience of university lecturing in social psychology, individual differences and statistics, while familiarity with the clinical problems and methods of Child Psychology will be an advantage. Good facilities for research in experimental, clinical and educational psychology are available in the Department, and the University has its own Child Guidance Clinic under the direction of a senior member of the staff. The salary scale is £850 × £50–£1,200 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and further information about the work of the Department of Psychology should be obtained) not later than 31 October 1958. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Lectureship in Psychology. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Psychology. Salary: £A1,550-£2,050 p.a. No particular specialisation is essential but qualifications in abnormal psychology, physiological psychology or in the experimental psychology of learning would be an advantage. The Department of Psychology offers four undergraduate courses in the Faculties of Arts and Science, and a special course for students in the Faculty of Education. Tuition is provided for Honours and Higher degrees. The Department offers post-graduate Diplomas in Child and Educational Psychology, and in Clinical Psychology, and will also assist in courses in the Faculty of Medicine. All courses include practical work, for which facilities exist in the Department. The staff consists of a Professor, two Readers, one Senior Lecturer, two Lecturers, two graduate assistants, technical and clerical staff in addition to the present vacancy. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in London and Australia, on 31 October, 1958.

FOUNTAIN Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Supervisor of the School Department in the Ellen Terry Home, Wray Park Road, Reigate, which accommodates 50 blind, mentally defective children. The post is non-resident and the salary is £560 rising to £665 per annum. Applications stating age, experience, qualifications and the names and addresses of two referees to Organiser of Occupation Centres, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17.

LEADER for Adventure Playground in S. London required. Part-time with a view to full-time. Box 3278.

CAREERS Problems. Consult the Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire Street, W1. WEL. 8017.

Appointments Vacant continued on page 429

Good news for savers!

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DEFENCE BONDS

Issued by the National Savings Committee, London, S.W.7

The Chess Board

No. 463. Young Men's Game

Out of more than 50 recognised grandmasters the six who have emerged as fellow-claimants (with Smyslov and Keres) for Botvinnik's throne, may well be considered 'super-grand'. I am glad that our friend Gligoric is among them, and being in his thirties (though still no mean athlete) he may feel quite an elderly gent among his colleagues. I am not quite sure about Benkö's age group, but with Tal, Petrosjan and Olafsson in their early twenties and the miraculous Bobby not yet half-way through his 'teens, there seems to be ample proof that modern master-chess requires the stamina of youth; (the same point being proved by Barden's, Penrose's and Clarke's success in the British Championship). As for Tal's 1st at Portoroz, it is all the more remarkable when considering that he has won the USSR championship two years running and that he also scored top honours (8½ of 10) in the recent 'Students' World Championship' at Varna, Bulgaria. Here's a far too little-known game from that event, remarkable for Tal's tactical finesse.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; (4) P-K3, O-O; (5) Kt-K2, P-Q4; (6) P-QR3, B-K2; (7) PxP, PxP; (8) P-KKt3, P-B3; (9) B-Kt2, P-QR4!; (10) O-O, Kt-R3; (11) P-B3, P-B4; (12) K-R1, Kt-B2; (13) Q-B2, B-K3; (14) R-Q1, R-B1; (15) PxP, BxP; (16) P-K4, R-K1; (17) B-Kt5, Kt-Kt5!?; (18) PxKt (probably best), QxB; (19) PxP, BxKtP; (20) P-Q6, BxKt; (21) KtxB, BxQP; (22) RxB, Kt-Kt4; (23) Q-Q2! Q-Kt5!; (24) Kt-B3, KtxR; (25) QxKt, QR-Q1; (26) Q-B7, P-R4!; (27) R-KB1, R-Q2; (28) QxRP, P-R5; (29) PxP? (Q-Kt4!), R-Q7; (30) B-Q5, K-R1!; (31) Q-Kt4, Q-R6; (32) Q-KB4, RxP ch; (33) K-Kt1, R-QB7! (RxP?); (34) Kt-Q1, R-K3!; (35) P-R5, R-KB3; (36) Q-Kt8 ch, R-B1!; (37) B-Kt2, RxR ch; (38) Resigns.

No less incisive was Tal's win against de Greiff at Portoroz:

(1) P-QB4, Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-QB3, P-K3; (3) Kt-B3, P-Q4; (4) P-K3, B-K2; (5) P-QKt3, O-O; (6) B-Kt2, P-QKt3; (7) P-Q4, B-Kt2; (8) B-Q3, QKt-Q2; (9) O-O, Kt-K5; (10) PxP, PxP; (11) Q-K2, P-QR3; (12) Q-B2, P-KB4; (13) Kt-K2, B-Q3; (14) Kt-K5, Q-K2; (15) QR-B1, QR-B1; (16) Kt-B6!, Q-R5; (17) Kt-B4!, Kt(2)-B3 (BxKt?); (18) P-Kt3, Q-R3; (19) P-B3, P-KKt4; (20) KtxP!, KtxKt; (21) PxKt, PxP (KtxP?); (22) BxKP, KtxP; (23) RxR ch, RxR; (24) Q-K2, BxKt; (25) BxB, P-Kt5; (26) P-QR3!, Q-Kt4; (27) R-K1, Kt-B4; (28) Q-K6 ch, R-B2? (K-R1!); (29) B-Q5, resigns.

And here is Gligoric's win against Larssen, a game which, according to Harold Lommer's report, roused the Portoroz crowd to a frenzy of enthusiasm.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-KKt3; (3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt2; (4) P-K4, P-Q3; (5) B-K2, O-O; (6) Kt-B3, P-K4; (7) P-Q5,

A: Olafsson 1953

B: V. Bron 1927

Kt-R3; (8) Kt-Q2 [a somewhat artificial way of stopping . . . Kt-R4,] P-B4; (9) P-QR3, Kt-K1; (10) P-KR4, P-B4; (11) P-R5, Kt-B3; (12) RPxP, RPxP; (13) Kt-B3, Kt-B2; (14) Kt-KKt5, Q-K2; (15) Q-Q3, P-B5; (16) B-Q2, P-R3; (17) P-KKt3, Kt-Kt5; (18) Kt-R3, P-QKt4!; (19) KtPxP, KPxP; (20) BxKt, BxB; (21) KtxBP, RxKt!; (22) BxR, PxP; (23) QxP, Kt-Kt4!; (24) K-Q2, R-KB1; (25) B-K3, B-B6; (26) KR-KKt1, KtxKt; (27) PxKt, BxKP; (28) QR-K1, B-B4; (29) Q-Kt3, P-B5!; (30) QxP, R-QB1; (31) Q-KB4, Q-Kt2!; (32) K-K2, Q-Kt4 ch; (33) K-B3, QxP ch; (34) K-K2, B-Q6 ch; (35) resigns.

C: Babitch 1950

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game-position in which Black thought to be doing quite well by . . . PxP. How was he punished drastically by Olafsson (still a teen-ager at the time)? For 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively, **B** and **C** are both wins and none too difficult either. Usual prizes. Entries by 6 October.

REPORT on No. 460. Set 6 September

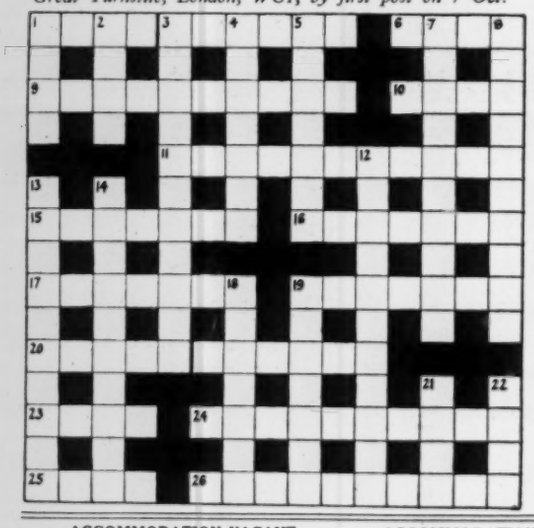
A: (20) Q-R6!!, resigns.
B: (1) . . . R x QKtP!; (2) Kt x R, P-B6; (3) R x B!, P-B5!!; (4) R-Kt4!, P-R4!!; (5) R x P, P x Kt, etc.
C: (1) B-Kt1! (Kt-B1?), P-R6! (B or K x Kt?); (2) Kt-K2, P-R7; (3) B-Q4!, B x B; (4) Kt-B1!, P—Kt! (P—Q or R?); (5) Kt-Kt3, etc.

Many failed to see every finesse of **B** and/or **C**. Even so, quite a few flawless solutions. Prizes: C. Allen, S. N. Colling, D. J. F. Ewing, J. Mitchell, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 322

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 322, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 7 Oct.



ACROSS

1. They protect the young but may produce cramp before cricket (4, 6).
6. Greedy as a tanner (4).
9. Examine corrupt ideals and cause a shock (10).
10. Stone flower (4).
11. Youth caught in a dramatic incident after a bit of charity (11).
15. Girl that is after a province (7).
16. Watches markers (7).
17. Place which has taken an Ibsen heroine to heart (7).
19. The city is thus about to learn differently (7).
20. Parliamentary documents do business at the newsagent's (5, 6).
23. Composer mended without the doctor (4).
24. Flock together when there is great confusion in the leave-taking (10).
25. Perception brings about an eastern agreement (4).
26. If there were no money the epidemic would be something to be surmounted (10).

DOWN

1. Go by like journeys without a wise man (4).
2. The old man is a female (4).
3. The old king puts a rascal on the defences and there is a communist rising (11).
4. Fox who had a fly as confederate (7).
5. Regard for a remodelled sceptre (7).
7. Strange love turns east for willing helpers (10).
8. Irrelevant matter in which somehow society is ignored (10).
12. Frail boat he locks, oddly enough, in a small room (11).
13. A fund of stories from an old age spent in the City? (10).
14. Those who turn up for a social engagement in Downing Street? (10).
18. Cropped up again about a flower (7).
19. Dexterity sounds trifling (7).
21. If he lost his article the writer would be a success (4).
22. Just water (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 320

G	A	S	H	O	L	D	E	R		T	I	C	K	S
A		C		V		O		E		O		H		I
B	A	R	G	E		D	U	C	K	B	O	A	R	D
L		I		R		O		T		A		I		E
E	M	P	I	R	E		D	O	G	G	E	R	E	L
		T		U		A		R		O				I
D	O	U	B	L	E	B	A	S	S		S	T	A	G
E		R		E		A		H		S		R		H
V	I	E	W		A	N	T	I	C	H	R	I	S	T
E				M		D		P		O		U		
L	O	N	G	E	R	O	N		F	R	A	M	E	D
O		I		A		N		I		T		P		O
P	E	N	A	L	T	I	E	S		A	S	H	E	N
E		O		I		N		I		G		A		O
D	E	N	S	E		G	O	S	P	E	L	L	E	R

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 320

R. Nickalls (Knebworth)
Mrs C. Arnheim (London, NW3)
B. A. Cole (Radlett)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

HAMPSTEAD. Comfortable accommodation for 2 or 3 young ladies. Lovely rooms. Good food. HAM. 8186.

NEWLY dec. well-furnished 2-room flat, s/c., kit.; share bath; superb views; Highgate Village. 5 gns. LAN. 5791.

BUILT as flatlet, new house, beaut. furn., concealed ckg, h.w., basin, bath, linen, serv., prof./bus. lady. £3 10s. BAY. 4617.

WELL-furn. room in mod. house carpeted throughout, nr bus & tube station, 10 min. West End. Bed & breakfast. Box 2864.

LARGE, pleasant room, quiet house; home comforts; board optional. Garage. Kensington, W8. Box 3241.

GIRLS, 21-30, reqd. to share Hampstead flat. £2 5s. each. Ring WO6/379.

PUTNEY. One attractively furn. divan-rm to let, share kit. and bathrm. Suit professional person. 55s p.w. PUT. 3395.

NEWLY decorated and furnished room, Willesden, near 6, 8, 176, 52, 48 and 1 buses, and tube. Electric convector heater, Belling cooker, £2 15s. inclusive. Box 3251.

TWO attractive single rooms available – warm house, all facilities, nr. Tube, from 45s. HIL. 3751

WELL-furn. room in mod. flat, c.h., h.c.w., use kit., bath. £3 10s. Meals opt. Suit quiet gentleman. NW2. GLA. 5364.

HOLLOWAY. Large, newly dec. furnished bedsit., share kitchen-bathrm. 6d fare Holborn. 37s p.w. including cleaning. Suit professional type. NOR. 4103.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

BEAUTIFULLY dec. & furn. mod. s/c. basement flat, sit., bed., kit., bath., c.h.w., good heating throughout, own tel., Campden Hill. 7 gns. PARk 9161.

BACHELOR establishment, Ebury St. Accom. for one £200 yrly. Box 2876.

SC. furn. flat, b/sit. rm & kit., suit one. Mod. rent. Quiet house. LAD. 3031.

DECENT room for one in child-ridden house. £2 10s. Nr river. Chiswick 7966.

THREE young women with large flat, 2 minutes Finchley Road Station, require fourth. Own bedroom, £2 10s. p.w. Share lounge, kitchen, bath, electricity and TV. GER. 7015 day, MAI. 9950 evening. Vincent.

SELF-contained basement, 2 rooms, bath & kitchen. Basic furn. WES. 6420.

FURNISHED flat 2 rms, kit., w.c., use bath, Highgate station. 5 gns. TUD. 4037.

MAN, elderly, offers business couple modest flat, NW11. Long let. Box 3352.

KENSINGTON. B/s., mod. Court. C.h.w., own bas., c.h., use k., tel. WES. 2267.

NW3. Large bed-sitting room, use kit., bath, own phone. 2½ gns. Box 3322.

BACH. (26) wishes find similar to share his N. London house. Box 3328.

MAIDA Vale: comf. lge. bedsit., kit., use bath.; lady only. £3 3s. Box 3327.

DOLLIS Hill (4 mins Bakerloo), 2 quiet furn. rooms, use bath., kit. (if desired, garden), suit educated couple or two friends. 3½ gns. Phone from Mon. GUL. 7934.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

FAMILY offers attractive home with Continental food to prof. people. Cen. heating, c.h.w. Nr bus stop. PARk 6601.

FLATLET (bed-sit. room, kit'ette-dining room), s/c, well furn. private house, Hampstead Garden Suburb. SPE. 7684.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms, £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

CROYDON. Part-furn. bed & din., ckg fac., share bath. £3 10s. Also b/s. furn., all fac. £1 15s. Box 3323.

CATERHAM Stn 3 min., Charing X 40 min. BA (f.) 33 offers lge rm with French windows, in s/c. pt furn. flat, share kit./bth/gdn. 35s. Box 3370.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG graduate (f.) seeking accom.—London—wishes to share flat with 2-3 girls. Box 3291.

WRITER, sick of other people's TV, seeks sole residential tenancy in London business premises. Box 3250.

WANTED: s/c furn. flat, 2 bedrms, Earls Court/Kensington area. Box 3271.

PARTLY furn. or unfurn. room wanted by quiet lady, Swiss Cottage or NW8 area. 'Phone PRI. 2509 mornings.

UNFURNISHED flat or rooms required by Public School mistress. Easy reach of Gloucester Rd Tube Station. Box 3325.

FULL board accom. reqd by professional man (30's). Nice area London with private family pref. Please write Box 3345.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

US College teacher, 30, doing research, desires furn. flatlet, Central London: 5 gns. Box 3362.

ACCOMMODATION required for week's holiday (mid October), Cornwall, near sea. Good cuisine and with facilities for baby and toddler. Sitting-in. Box 3246.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

PUTNEY House: 72 Howards Lane, SW15, for sale freehold this December, in excellent condition, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, well-planned kitchen. Plot 70 × 140ft in quiet road. Garage (2 small or 1 large car), greenhouse, summerhouse, toolshed. £7,000. View by phone appointment only: PUTney 8084.

PRETTY 17th cent. house with income in slightly non-U Cotswold town. Beautiful country. 2 rec. (15ft × 15ft, magnif. orig. fireplace), 2 bdrms (15ft × 15ft, wshbsns), sunny kit., 2 w.c.s, etc. Pretty garden, no views, but sheltered, sun-trap, garage, etc. 2 attic rooms let as holiday flat, sep. entrance. Booked 40 weeks this year. Entertaining and remunerative hobby. £3,500 o.n.o. Noble, Weaver's Cottage, Nailsworth, Nr. Stroud, Glos. 'Phone Nail. 306.

KENT, 4 miles Coast. Sheltered position. Cottage, Garden & Woodland, 3 bed., bath., 2 sit., k. with 'Ideal' boiler. Only £1,650 (£1,000 Mge). Geering & Colyer, Ashford.

PROPERTIES TO LET

TO let 3-6 months, furn. bungalow, all elec., sleeps 3; bathroom, kit., sitting-room, County Wexford. £2 10s. a week exclusive electricity. Free 1 Oct. Write Kelly, Tara House, Inch, County Wexford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—cont. from p.427

BBC requires Publicity Officer, West Region, in Bristol. Holder of this post will be in charge of West Region's Publicity Department and will be responsible to Regional Controller for organisation and carrying out of all BBC publicity concerning the Region's affairs. Keen publicity sense essential, preferably backed by experience of publicity work. Qualities of originality and imagination, considerable journalistic ability in the attractive writing-up of news and interest stories connected with BBC programmes, thorough knowledge and understanding of working of newspapers and magazines of all kinds, especially local daily and weekly papers, also necessary. Good knowledge of the Region highly desirable. The officer must have ability as a speaker and lecturer and personal qualities of considerable standard since he so often has to represent the BBC to the public. Salary £1,255 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,735 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.804 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

INLAND Revenue: HM Inspector of Taxes. Pensionable posts for men and women at least 21 and under 31 on 1.8.58 with 1st or 2nd class honours degree; age extension, and no degree requirement, for candidates with regular service in HM Forces or HM Overseas Civil Service. Starting salary, men (London) £625 or higher. Maximum £1,285. Promotion prospects, 5-day week. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form, quoting No 228/58/24. Closing date 14 October 1958.

INSTITUTE of Biology invites applications for the newly-created post of Administrative Assistant. Commencing salary up to £600 p.a. Details of age, education and experience, with the names of two referees, should be sent to the Secretary, Institute of Biology, 41 Queen's Gate, London, SW7, by 8 October.

DEVON and Exeter Probation Area. Probation Officers: Two male whole-time Officers required, one working from Torquay and one from Exeter. Appointment and salary according to Probation Rules 1949-1957. Travelling and subsistence allowances according to scale. Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience and with names and addresses of two referees, to reach the Secretary, The Castle, Exeter, by Saturday, 4 October, 1958.

CITY of Oxford Children's Department. Applications invited from men for the post of Senior Child Care Officer. Applicants should hold a degree, Social Science Certificate or equivalent qualification. Post requires knowledge of work of a Children's Department, Court work and case work with adolescent boys. Salary: APT II £725 × 30 (4) – £845 per annum. Further particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, 10 Worcester Street, Oxford.

LONDON County Council. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd for work with a team dealing, under general direction of consultant psychiatrist, with the care and after-care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness, in interesting and expanding field of psychiatric social work. Whitley salary (£585-£810 plus London Weighting) and conditions. Clerical assistance provided. Partics and applicn form from Medical Officer of Health (D1/1758), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 6 Oct.

SURREY Education Committee. Youth Service, Esher, Molesey Youth Club. Full-time Leader. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the post of full-time Club Leader at the Molesey Youth Club, Esher. The Club meets in its own premises and caters primarily for Boys and Girls of 15-20 years of age who have left school. Applicants should have had practical experience in mixed Youth Club work and a recognised diploma or certificate of training in youth leadership is desirable. Salary Men £500 × £25 to £750; Women £460 × £20 to £680 p.a. plus London allowance. Application forms and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped, addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames and should be returned not later than Saturday, 11 October 1958.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £30 16s. 8d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

HOUSEMOTHER required spastic residential centre, good living conditions. Full social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm, Oaks Rd, Croydon. ADD. 2310.

IMMEDIATE vacancy in well-established community nr Sevenoaks for young teacher or person of similar background. Varied employment inc. responsibility for school-age children of professionally employed parents. Fully/partly residential. Salary in accordance with capacity and exp. Box 3285.

ASSISTANTS with some knowledge of crafts required for handicrafts showroom. Congenial surroundings and good prospects. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Great Russell St, WC1.

PART-time secretary for inventor. Three afternoons per week. WEStern 1302.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ORGANISER required for South Notts, Derby and Lincoln and Leicester and Northampton area (centre Nottingham). Must be able to lecture on several NCLC subjects. Salary £575, rising by £25 per annum to £675, commencing rate dependent on qualifications and experience. Removal allowance; four weeks' annual holiday; superannuation scheme. Apply to J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

MIDDLESEX County Council. Education Ctte. County Educational Psychologist. Hons degree in Psychology or equiv. & teaching exper. Recognised Clinical Training & prev. exper. as Education Psychologist essential. Salary Soulbury III for Educational Psychologists, £1,400-£1,675 (Male), and £1,319-£1,570 (Female). Prescribed conditions. Application forms and further particulars from Chief Educational Officer, ref. (GP), 10 St George St, SW1, returnable by 28 October. Canvassing disqualifies.

ESSEX. Applications are invited for the post of Educational Psychologist for full-time two-team clinic at Ilford. The work will also include remedial and advisory work in schools. Candidates should have an Honours degree in Psychology or its equivalent and have had clinical training at a recognised training school in child guidance work. Soulbury II salary scale. Further particulars and application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

SURREY Education Committee, Wimbledon Community Association—Organising Secretary/Warden. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men for the post of Organising Secretary of the Wimbledon Community Association and Warden of the Community Centre. Applicants must have organising ability, wide cultural interests, and experience in social work. A University degree or Social Science diploma though an advantage is not essential, but a good educational background will be expected. Salary £675 × £25 to £950 p.a. Application forms and further particulars obtainable on receipt of stamped, addressed envelope from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, and should be returned by not later than Saturday, 11 October, 1958.

THE Magdalen College Club is starting on a programme of expansion including the building of a new clubhouse and residence. The Management Committee therefore wishes to appoint a Deputy Warden; his duties would involve work with all age groups, Boys Leadership, family casework and some administration. Salary according to qualifications or experience. Further particulars obtainable from the Secretary, 83 Werrington Street, NW1. Applications to be in by 14 October.

CHILD Guidance Training Centre, 6 Osnaburgh St, NW1. Administrative Officer (female) Grade 'C' required for Secretarial and administrative duties, to include day to day administration of the Centre and to act as Secretary to the Director. Shorthand and typing essential. Salary £474-£597 p.a., plus London Weighting with substantial increase pending. Applications, stating age and experience, together with names and addresses of two referees, to Secretary, Paddington Group Hospital Management Committee, Harrow Road, W9, by 10 October.

SWALCLIFFE Park School, Swalcliffe, Nr Banbury. Qualified teachers interested in the treatment and education of maladjusted boys (aged 11-16 years) are invited to apply to the Principal for full particulars of an appointment to be made as soon after 1 November as possible. This is an independent Special School, recognised by the Ministry of Education. It is proposed to appoint a married man, and a house is available.

GUILD of Insurance Officials invites applications for position of London Branch Secretary. Resident in London. Over age 25. Duties: Trade Union organisation, committee work, public speaking. Salary range at present £600 to £1,000. Applications to 27 Basinghall St, EC2, marked Application London Secretary.

CAMBRIDGE University Settlement in Camberwell, London, requires part-time Assistant for general Boys' Club and/or Community Centre work, week-day evenings. Apply to Director of Group Activity, Cambridge House, 131 Camberwell Road, SE5.

THE Institute of Psycho-Analysis invites applications from Women Graduates for the post of Library Secretary. Salary scale £500 × £40 – £700. Hours 10-6. No Saturdays. 5 weeks' holiday. Written applications giving particulars of qualifications and experience should be addressed to: The Secretary, 63 New Cavendish St, W1.

INTERESTING post without overburdening responsibilities for competent shorthand-typist at University College, London (Gower St, WC1); might be suitable for married woman. House 10-5 no Saturdays, good holidays. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

SHORTHAND-typist required for office in Trafalgar Square. Hours 9.30 to 5.30 and 1 Sat. morn. in 3. Free Luncheon Vouchers. Interesting work in progressive organisation. Apply: Southern Africa Settlement Assocn, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Sq., London, WC2.

OPENING for Articled Clerk to Solicitors, Lincoln's Inn. Write particulars, Box 3295.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BILINGUAL (French-English) teacher required for two young children. Family based West Ireland, wintering Switzerland. Teaching degree of University graduate essential, preferably young man. Athletics, music, other languages would weigh advantageously. Reply Box 3290.

WORTHWHILE work, salary offered to 2 vegetarians (f.) by Nature Cure Clinic – Assistant Almoner and Assistant to Secretary (part-time). Typing required, some shorthand an advantage for the latter. 13 Oldbury Place, W1. WELbeck 2787.

CAMBRIDGE Secretarial Academy (Pitman Shorthand) requires experienced teacher able take charge of up to 30 students. Interesting and progressive job with good salary to right person. Help given in finding accommodation. Fare paid for interview. Start Autumn term. Write immediately, giving details of age, qualifications and experience, to The Principal, The Academy, 46 City Road, Cambridge.

SCHOOL Secretary wanted in London for newly built Pitman School of English for adult overseas students. Organizing and some knowledge of accounting. Good prospects, superannuation. Apply for details to Principal, Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons Ltd, 39 Parker Street, London, WC2.

SECRETARY, 20/24, for interesting post in Public Relations. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUNter 0676.

SECRETARY for German Lawyer's Office. Must be perfect in German shorthand-typing. Working hours from 10-5. No Saturday work. Salary £10 p.w. Apply Dr Kraft, 7 Kingsmead, New Barnet.

TWO or three mornings weekly, expd confidential secretary with high standard sh./typing and office technique; varied work, mainly child welfare. NW2 dist. Box 3293.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SENIOR Executive seeks change. Chemist, languages, intelligent, hard-working, healthy. Box 3164.

ARCHITECT, 33, single, tired of routine, seeks difficult/dangerous/unusual job (e.g. Courier/Agent/Investigator) anywhere in the world. Write Box 3170.

JUST returned from USA. Able administrator, aged 45; 2 yrs German University, fluent German, world-travelled, connections NZ, Australia, USA, published writer and journalist, seeks interesting position. Please write Rubin, 5 Elgin Mansions, Elgin Ave, W9, London, or phone CUN. 1047.

GERMAN, Ital., French, energy, initiative, travel office exp. Austrian girl soon acquiring British nat. shs post. Box 3097.

YOUNG Canadian doctor, now in England, seeks interesting post anywhere. Four years' post-grad. and science degree. Good references, reliable. Box 3342.

SCHOLARSHIPS

THE Australian National University, Canberra. Research Scholarships. Applications are invited from post-graduate students with capacity for research for scholarships in Anthropology and Sociology including Oceanic Linguistics, Demography, Economics including Economic History and Economic Statistics, Geography, Australian History, Far Eastern History (China and Japan),* Pacific History, International Relations, Law, Political Science including Public Administration, Philosophy, Political and Social Philosophy and Statistics including Mathematical Statistics. The scholarships are tenable for an initial period of two years and may be extended for a third year. Scholars are expected to enrol for a PhD Degree. The present value of a scholarship is £A833 per annum. Married scholars with dependent children may be granted an additional allowance of £A225 per annum in respect of the first child and a further £A75 per annum for each other child. A grant will be made towards a scholar's fares to and from Canberra at the commencement and expiration of his scholarship. Application forms and further information may be obtained from the undersigned**, to whom applications should be submitted, or from the Secretary, the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The University regularly considers applications in June and November, but special consideration may be given to applications at other times. Scholarships may be taken up at any time after award, including vacation periods. *A substantial knowledge of the relevant language is a pre-requisite. **R. A. Hohnen, Registrar, Box 4, GPO, Canberra, ACT, Australia.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

HOW the Labour Party Became What It Is' by R. Palme Dutt; 'Behind These Race Riots' by D. N. Pritt, QC; 'China's Islands' by I. Epstein: in the October Labour Monthly 1s. 8d. post free or 9s. half yearly from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

WEST Indies: Poverty and Profit. Social Services Abroad. 'Labour Research', 9d. (11d. p.f.) 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

'AFRICA Digest' gives a comprehensive survey of current African affairs. Compiled from newspapers and official reports, it is published bi-monthly and read throughout the English-speaking world. Yearly subscription 25s. Write for a free copy to the Africa Bureau, 65 Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

MIDDLE East problems still unresolved include the Kurds' demand for national union. A brief history of the Kurdish people and the tasks facing the Kurdish National Movement is given in 'Kurdistan: Divided Nation of the Middle East' by S. S. Gavan. Lawrence & Wishart, 4s. 6d.

LABOUR Conference. You must read 'Death on the Left', by John Connell, to understand its true significance. Cloth 9s. Paper 3s 6d. Pall Mall Press.

IDEAL Xmas Present. Soon – Armand Georgés, 'Bedsitter Tribe' – at last a panorama of bedsitter life. Details of book from 1005 Romford Rd, London, E12.

BRAZIERS Research Communications No. 8, incl. 'Living Language, Craftsmanship & Creative Process' and 'The Common Enemy': 3s. 2d. post free from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

'NATURE Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

ROYAL Court-type people buy their books at Hampstead's High Hill Bookshop, 11 High St, NW3 (HAM. 2218).

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, AMB. 1564 or write Box 8155.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 30a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. DIV. 6807.

WANTED: Encyclopædia Britannica, latest printing, complete, excellent cond. Details and price to Box 3096.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

BOOKS of all types indexed. MSS typed. Translations. Speedy, accurate, inexpensive. Feldmann. BAY. 5433.

ACCURATE typing at specially mod. rates. For details: D. Mayhew, FLA. 5246.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

SUSAN Tully Secretarial Service. Complete range high quality typewriting, duplicating. 63 Wigmore St, W1. HUN. 9893.

FOR rapid and reliable duplicating & typing reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, SW1. ABB. 3772. Rush jobs.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd, 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St. Tube Stn).

DUPLICATING & Typing. Key Agency, 24 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 8835.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, London, W8. WES. 5809.

MABEL Eyles & Partners, 395 Hornsey Rd, N19. (ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701). Duplicating, typing, translating. Printing, proof-reading. Shorthand-writers (verbatim or narrative reports). Employment Agency licensed annually by the LCC.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat, Ltd, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

INTELLIGENT typing of plays, novels, theses, etc. Rapid and expert duplicating. Translations. Dictation by telephone. Apollo Agency, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

WHERE TO STAY

BOURNEMOUTH. Hinton Wood Hotel, East Overcliff. The small hotel in 2 acres of gardens and woodland right on the sea front. Catering especially for families with small children and babies. All facilities (including nightly baby minding. Vacancies from 20 September. 10½ gns. per week. Brochure from Major J. Gilbert. Ph. Bournemouth 5936.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

LONDON, nr Olympia and West Lon. Hospital, sunny comf. dble room. RIV. 1587.

SCHOOLS

KING Alfred School (F.1898) Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, age 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 6-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Road, NW11.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI. 3391). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & Sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

MONTESSORI School, St Simons Church Hall, Milner St, SW3. Children 2½-5 years. A few vacancies this term.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
COVENT GARDEN OPERA

Two cycles of
DER RING DES NIBELUNGEN
Conductor: Kempe

29 Sept. & 9 Oct. at 6.0. Siegfried
3 Oct. & 11 Oct. at 6.0. Götterdämmerung
6 Oct. at 7.30. Das Rheingold
7 Oct. at 6.0. Die Walküre

THE ROYAL BALLET
Season opens 27 Oct.

Programme available. Booking opens 2 Oct.

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
Season opens 31 Oct.

Programme available. Box Office opens 29 Sept.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE, ABERDEEN

Touring Opera 1958 presents
GRAND OPERA
29 September-4 October

Mon.	The Battered Bride.
Tue.	Carmen.
Wed.	The Barber of Seville.
Thu.	Madame Butterfly.
Fri.	Don Giovanni.
Sat. (mat.)	Carmen.
Sat. (evg)	Cav. and Pag.

Evenings 7.30. Sat. Mat. 2.30

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu/Fr. 8. Sat. & Sun. 5 & 8. 'Garden District.' Mems.

IRVING WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Intimate Revue 2-yr fr. 2.30, Sun 4, 8th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for mems. tkt & free mag.

ROYAL Court. Last 2 perfs. Today 5, 8.15. Shaw's Major Barbara. Com. Tues., Sept. 30, 7.30. Live Like Pigs.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'Tripe & Onions', Music Hall. Fri.-Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
Saturday, 4 Oct., at 3
John Coast Ltd. presents
Only London Appearance of
RAVI SHANKAR
composer of music for the film
PATHER PANCHALI
in a Sitar Recital accompanied by
ALLA-RAKHA (Tabla)
Tkts: 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. from Hall (WAT. 3191) & Agents.

JOHN Blow. Concert on the 250th anniversary of his death, Wednesday, 1 October, 7.30, Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. Soloists: Deller, English, Platt, Whitworth. Orchestra, chorus, cond. Walter Bergmann. Tickets 3s. 6d. from registrar or at the door.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). A Prog. of Films on 'British Graphic Art' (U).

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until 28 Sept.: Fernandel in 'L'Auberge Rouge' (X). From 29 Sept.: Jules Dassin's 'Celui Qui Doit Mourir' (He Who Must Die) (X).

ROXY, BAY. 2345. Wk c. 28 Sep. 7 days Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor, 'The Mountain'. U. Ray Milland, 'Rhubarb'. U.

THE Company of Nine, in association with The English Stage Society, presents Gordon Heath, Cleo Laine and Earle Hyman in a programme of Negro poetry, Sunday, 5 October, 7.30. Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Sq. Members should apply for tickets now.

'WE Met in Moscow.' The British Youth Festival Committee present The British Première of Colour Feature Film of the World Youth Festival, 1957. Wednesday, 1 October, 7.30 p.m. Islington Town Hall, Upper Street, London, N1. Also songs by Ewan McColl and artists from the Ballads and Blues Association. Tickets 1s at door (open 7 pm) or from BYFC, 351 Goswell Road, London, EC1, with stamped addressed envelope.

CHINA. The event of the year. 9th Birthday Celebration. Dancing, Entertainment, Chinese food. Surprise Features. Porchester Hall. Queensway, W2. Saturday 27 Sept., 7.30 p.m. Tickets 6s 6d. Apply: BCFA, 228 Grays Inn Road, WC1.

S. AFRICAN Party, in aid New Age and Treason Trial Defence Fund, Sat., 4 Oct., 7.30, at 41 Platts Lane, NW3. Adm. 3s 6d, incl. supper, etc. All interested welcome.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group, today, 27 Sept., 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., guests 5s.

SOCIAL Centre (R), Sun., 28 Sept., 7-10. Dancing. Lic. bar. Bull & Mouth, 31 Bloomsbury Way WC1. Adm. 5s inc. refr.

EXHIBITIONS

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Richard Eurich, RA; Frank Avray Wilson & Derek Middleton. Lithographs by Utrillo. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes 24 Oct.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Reproductions of old and modern masters from all good printsellers or 11 Great Turnstile, WC1. Illustrated Catalogue 1s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Language of the Wall: Parisian graffiti photographed by Brassai, 26 Sept. to 25 Oct. Adm. 1s.; mems. free. Weekdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. Closed Sun.

'WOMAN in Her Various Moods and Guises'. Exhibition of Paintings by Maurice Man. Open Mondays to Saturdays 10 am to 7 pm from 22 Sept. to 4 Oct. (130) Kensington High Street Art Gallery.

THE Waddington Galleries, Daryl Hill: Recent Paintings, Kenneth Mahood; Gouaches. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

GALLERY One (GERrard 3529). African Batiks by Susanne Wenger.

DAVID Bomberg. Arts Council Gallery, 4, St. James's Square, SW1. Till 4 October. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; admission 1s. (admits also to Trends in Contemporary Dutch Art).

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Women's International Art Club Annual Exhibition. Opens 2 October. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, Leicester Sq, WC2. Charles Carey/Trevor Hodgeson/David Tindle. Also Pictures for Hire: Yearly subscription 1 gn and 7s 6d per month per painting.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, organised by the 'Sunday Pictorial'. Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, London, W1. Daily (except Sundays) 10 to 7. Admission 1s., children (under 16) 6d. Until 30 September.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. XIX & XX Century European Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-12.30.

POLLOCK'S Toy Museum and Toy Theatres. Admission free. Open 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. 44 Monmouth Street, Cambridge Circus, WC2.

TRENDS in Contemporary Dutch Art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 11 October. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s. (admits also to David Bomberg).

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. 'The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10-5. Adm. free.

RECENT paintings by Leslie Dyer at Everyman Cinema, Hampstead. HAM. 1525. Daily from 1 Sept.-4 Oct.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Cheesman, Verney, Grimble.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Josef Herman: Paintings and Drawings.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Crozier, Irvine, Moshe Tamir. Till 11 October. Daily 10-6: Sats. 10-1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ITALIAN INSTITUTE
39 Belgrave Square, SW1

Professor Guido Calogero on 'Some Problems of Italian Contemporary Philosophy' (opening lecture in the new season's series 'Art and Ideas in the Italian Twentieth Century') on Wednesday, 1 October, at 6.30 p.m.

LONDON SCHOOLS LEFT CLUB

New Series

SIR RICHARD ACLAND: 'Religion and Socialism', 3 Oct., 5.45 at 7 Carlisle St, W1 (school students only).

Admission 9d. (members free).

GENERAL Zionist Organisation of Great Britain. Thursday Social Evening, 2 October 1958, 8 p.m. at Café Montmartre, 225 Finchley Rd (one minute Finchley Road Underground). Guest Speaker: Mr Guy Eden (former Chairman House of Commons Press Gallery) on 'How the Two-Party System Works'. Refreshments 2s. 6d. Non-members welcome. Hon. Sec.: Mrs Lotte Allen, Speedwell 3328.

THE Art Workers Guild, 6 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, WC1. Open Meeting, Fri. 3 October, at 6.30 p.m. for 7 p.m. Speaker: Mr Iolo A. Williams. Subject: 'The Origins of English Landscape and Topographical Drawing'. (Illus.) Visitors welcome, & invited to take part in discussion. Refreshments.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 4 Oct. at 6 p.m. Miss Monica Wingate: Co-operation between nations.

HAMPSTEAD Parliament, 61st Session begins 1 Oct., 8 p.m. Hampstead Town Hall (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Guest speaker: Lord Stonham (formerly Victor Collins, MP). Labour Govt. Visitors and new members welcome. Subscription 25s, students 12s 6d. Details: Clerk of the House, 156 Etchingham Park Rd, N3.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY College London. Public Lunch-Hour Lectures on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 1.15 to 2 p.m. in the Anatomy Theatre. (Entrance Gower Street.) Admission free. 7 Oct. – 'What Has Happened to French Rationalism?', Dr Colin Smith. 9 Oct. – 'Mutation in Man', Professor L. S. Penrose. 14 Oct. – 'The New Play of Menander', Professor E. G. Turner. 16 Oct. – 'Menander on the Stage', Professor T. B. L. Webster. 21 Oct. – 'Man-Powered Flight', Dr D. R. Wilkie. 23 Oct. – 'The Economist in Society', Dr S. G. Sturmey. 28 Oct. – 'Octopuses, Squids and Cuttlefishes', Professor J. Z. Young. 30 Oct. – 'The Role of Town Planning in Modern Society', Mr L. B. Keeble. 4 Nov. – 'The Emergence of Character in English Literature', Mr P. Goolden. 6 Nov. 'The Aims of Sexual Reproduction', Dr D. Wilkie. 11 Nov. – 'Exploration of Space' Professor H. S. W. Massey. 13 Nov. – 'Some Impressions of the Colleges in West Africa and the West Indies', Dr A. Maccoll. 18 Nov. – 'The Randomness of the Brain', Mr D. A. Sholl. 20 Nov. – 'The Historical King Arthur', Dr J. R. Morris. 25 Nov. – 'Fontenelle – From Pascal to Diderot', Dr L. W. Tancock. 27 Nov. – 'Hegemony in World Politics', Miss Susan Strange. Details of all public lectures from Publications Officer, University College London, Gower St WC1. (Stamped env. rqd.)

SHOW your detestation of Racial Violence! Demonstrate your desire to end Racial Discrimination! Meeting at St. Pancras Town Hall. Mon, 29 Sept, 7.30. Speakers include John Baird (MP for Wolverhampton North East), Edward Carter (late member of UNESCO staff), Harry Francis (Asst Sec. Musicians' Union), Sister June Richardson, SRN, Monica Whately (recently returned from West Indies), Malcolm B. Purdie (in the Chair). Org. by National Council for Civil Liberties, 293 New King's Rd SW6. REN 2254

SCARBOROUGH – Fabian Tea Meetings, 5 p.m., Esplanade Hotel. Monday, 29 Sept., James Callaghan, MP, W. J. Carron, Roy Jenkins, MP. Thursday, 2 Oct., Austen Albu, MP, Peggy Crane, Harry Nicholas, George Thomson, MP, Eirene White, MP. Tickets 3s 6d from Conference Ticket Stall.

SCARBOROUGH—Labour Progress in Israel. Film Show. Wednesday, 1 Oct., 5.30 p.m., at South Cliff Methodist Church Hall, Cr. Esplanade Gardens. Speakers: Anthony Greenwood, MP. Dr. S. Levenberg. Prominent Israeli Speaker. Chairman: Sir Leslie Plummer, MP. All welcome. Admission free. Arranged by Labour Friends of Israel and Poale Zion (Jewish Socialist Labour Party).

PEN. Hermon Ould Memorial Lecture. Dr A. L. Rowse on The Role Of The Intellectuals In Society; chairman: Richard Church. Friends' House, Euston Road, London, NW1., on Tuesday 14 October, at 7 p.m. (doors open at 6.30 p.m.) Tickets, 3s. 6d. each, obtainable in advance from PEN, 62 Glebe Place, London, SW3. Remittance and stamped addressed envelope essential.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Strike', by Sergei Eisenstein. This film will be followed by a discussion called 'Whatever Happened to Montage?', prompted by the technique of 'Strike'. Speakers: Roger Manvell, Richard Roud, David Sylvester, Karel Reisz, Thurs., 2 October, 7 p.m. Members 3s, guests 5s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Peter Green: 'The Novels of William Golding'. Chairman: Isabel Quigley. Tues. 30 Sept., 8.15 p.m. Members 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

ANIMALS have 'The Right to Live'. Challenging public meeting with unique films. 30 Sept. 7.30 p.m. Kensington Town Hall. Spkr: Michael Fryer. Chair.: Lord Dowding.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. 'Industry and Overseas Development', Sir Jock Campbell, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1, Wed. 1 Oct., 7.30 p.m. Vis 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W11 (PARk 7696). Fri. 26 Sept., 8 p.m., John Lawrence: 'Church and Soviet Youth', Father Hugh & Rev. Mark Tweedy: 'Monastic Life in Russia Today' (film). Tues., 30 Sept., 8 p.m., Rev. Lev Gillet: 'Dr Gaaz: a life given for the Siberian convicts'.

LONDON Ashbridge Circle. Monthly lectures at the Eccleston Hotel on current affairs and the arts; social activities, etc. Subscription £1. Write Membership Secretary, LAC, 18 Manor Way, South Croydon, Sy.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns. 5 p.m.: Bhagavad-Gita. Thurs., 9 Oct., 7.30, Kingsway Hall, Holborn: Fundamentals of Vedanta: (ii) The Soul of Man. Vedanta magazine, 2s 6d.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, Paddington, W2. Public Lecture, Sunday 28 Sept., 8 p.m. 'Theosophy Simply Stated'.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public Lecture, Wed., 1 Oct., 6.30 sharp: 'The Buddha's Prolongation of Life', P. S. Jaini, MA. Buddhism teaches the origin and cure of suffering. Read 'The Middle Way', 2s 10d quarterly post free. Information: TAT. 1313.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CHINA. Emergency Meeting. Speakers: Sir John Pratt, Jack Dribbon. Hampstead Town Hall, Thurs. 2 October, 8 p.m. Hampstead BCFA.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue. J. B. Coates and Paul Derrick on 'Has the Labour Party failed?' 20 Buckingham St, WC2. Tuesday, 30 Sept., 7.30 p.m.

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NATIONAL Preparatory Conference for the 7th World Festival of Youth and Students, Vienna 1959. The British Youth Festival Committee invites all organisations interested in taking part, or that want to know more about the next World Youth Festival, to send representatives to this National Conference. Sunday, 19 October 1958, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, London, WC2. Inquiries to Secretary, BYFC, 351 Goswell Rd, London, EC1.

THE Montessori Society Week-end Course at Regional College of Art, Manchester. Friday night and Saturday till 4 p.m., 7 & 8 November, 1958 Fee 7s. 6d. Application and particulars from Miss S. K. Chisholm, 19 Hill Top Avenue, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire.

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